

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
"Tis the safest place in Germany."

BISHOP HATTO. p. 33

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I—JACK AND THE ~~BLACK~~ TALK (1)

1 IN the days of King Alfred there lived a poor woman, whose cottage was in a remote country village many miles from London. She had been a widow some years, and had an only child named Jack, whom she indulged so much that he never paid the least attention to anything she said, but was indolent, careless, and extravagant.

2 His follies were not owing to a bad disposition, but to his mother's foolish partiality. By degrees he spent all that she had, scarcely anything remained but a cow.

3 One day, for the first time in her life, she reproached him. "Cruel, cruel boy! you have at last brought me to beggary, I have not money enough to purchase even a bit of bread, nothing now remains to sell but my poor cow! I am sorry to part with her, it grieves me sadly, but we cannot starve."

4. For a few minutes Jack felt remorse, but it was soon over, and he began asking his mother to let him sell the cow at the next village, teasing her so much that she at last consented. As he was going along he met a butcher, who inquired why he was driving the cow from home. Jack replied he was going to sell it.

5. The butcher held some curious beans in his hat; they were of various colours, and attracted Jack's attention. This did not pass unnoticed by the man, who, knowing Jack's easy temper, thought now was the time to take an advantage of it, and, determining not to let slip so good an opportunity, asked what was the price of the cow, offering, at the same time, all the beans in his hat for her.

6. The silly boy could not conceal the pleasure he felt at what he supposed so great an offer. The bargain was struck instantly, and the cow exchanged for a few paltry beans.

7. Jack made the best of his way home, calling aloud to his mother before he reached the door, thinking to surprise her.

8. When she saw the beans, and heard Jack's account, her patience quite forsook her; she tossed the beans out of the window, where they fell on the garden-bed below. Then she threw

her apron over her head and cried bitterly Jack attempted to console her, but in vain, and not having anything to eat, they both went supperless to bed

9 Jack awoke early in the morning, and seeing something uncommon darkening the window of his bed-chamber, ran downstairs into the garden, where he found some of the beans had taken root and sprung up surprisingly The stalks were of an immense thickness, and had twined together until they formed a ladder like a chain, and so high that the top appeared to be lost in the clouds

10. Jack was an adventurous lad He determined to climb up to the top, and ran to tell his mother, not doubting but that she would be equally pleased with himself She declared he should not go, said it would break her heart if he did, entreated and threatened, but all in vain Jack set out, and after climbing for some hours, reached the top of the beanstalk quite exhausted

- | | | |
|----|------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 | <i>Ex-trav'-a-gant</i> | Wasteful |
| 2 | <i>Par-ti-al'-i-ty</i> | Liking for |
| 5 | <i>Cu'-ri-ous</i> | Funny |
| 6 | <i>Pal'-try</i> | Of little worth |
| 10 | <i>Ad-vent'-u-rous</i> | Daring |
| | <i>Ex-haust'-ed</i> | Tired out |

II.—JACK AND THE BEANSTALK (2)

1 Looking round, Jack found himself in a strange country, it appeared to be a barren desert—not a tree, shrub, house, nor living creature was to be seen, here and there were scattered fragments of stone, and at unequal distances small heaps of earth were loosely thrown together.

2 Jack seated himself pensively upon a block of stone, and thought of his mother. He reflected with sorrow upon his disobedience in climbing the beanstalk against her will, and concluded that he must die of hunger.

3 However he walked on, hoping to see a house where he might beg something to eat and drink. He did not find it, but he saw at a distance a beautiful lady walking all alone. She was elegantly clad, and carried a white wand, at the top of which sat a peacock of pure gold.

4 Jack, who was a gallant fellow, went straight up to her, when, with a bewitching smile, she asked him how he came there. He told her all about the beanstalk. The lady answered him by a question—“Do you remember your father, young man?”

5. “No, madam, but I am sure there is

some mystery about him, for when I name him to my mother she always begins to weep, and will tell me nothing" "She dare not," replied the lady, "but I can, and will. For know, young man, that I am a fairy,



"JACK, WHO WAS A GALLANT FELLOW, WENT STRAIGHT UP TO HER."

and was your father's guardian. But fairies are bound by laws as well as mortals, and by an error of mine I lost my power for a number of years, so that I was unable to help your father when he most needed it, and he died."

6 Here the fairy looked so sorrowful that

Jack's heart warmed to her, and he begged her earnestly to tell him more. "I will, only you must promise to obey me in everything or you will perish yourself."

7 Jack was brave, and, besides, his fortunes were so bad, they could not well be worse, so he promised. The fairy continued, "Your father, Jack, was a most excellent, amiable, generous man. He had a good wife, faithful servants, plenty of money, but he had one misfortune—a false friend."

8 "This was a giant whom he had succoured in misfortune, and who returned his kindness by murdering him, and seizing on all his property, also making your mother take a solemn oath that she would never tell you anything about your father, or he would murder both her and you."

9 "Then he turned her off with you in her arms, to wander about the world as she might. I could not help her, as my power only returned on the day when you went to sell your cow."

10 "It was I," added the fairy, "who impelled you to take the beans, who made the beanstalk grow, and inspired you with the desire to climb up it to this strange country, for it is here the wicked giant lives who was your father's destroyer. It is you who must

avenge him, and rid the world of a monster who will never do anything but evil

11 "I will assist you You may lawfully take possession of his house and all his riches, for everything he has belonged to your father, and is therefore yours Now, farewell! Do not let your mother know you are acquainted with your father's history This is my command, and if you disobey me, you will suffer for it Now, go "

12 Jack asked where he was to go "Along the road till you see the house where the giant lives You must then act according to your own just judgment, and I will guide you if any difficulty arises Farewell!" She bestowed upon the youth a benignant smile and vanished

- | | | |
|----|---------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 | <i>Des'-ert</i> | A land where nothing grows or lives |
| 2 | <i>Pen'-sive-ly</i> | Thoughtfully |
| 5 | <i>Guard'-i-an</i> | One who takes care of another |
| | <i>Mon'-tals</i> | Those who must die |
| | <i>Er'-ror</i> | Mistake |
| 7 | <i>For'-tunes</i> | Chances of success |
| | <i>A'-ma-a-ble</i> | Lovable |
| | <i>Gen'-er-ous</i> | Liberal, giving freely |
| 8 | <i>Suc'-coured</i> | Helped |
| 11 | <i>Take pos-ses'-sion</i> | Take for your own |
| | <i>Ac-quaint'-ed with</i> | Know |
| 12 | <i>Be-nig'-nant</i> | Kind |

III — MARGARET WILSON

(F T PALGRAVE)

- 1 Four children at their little play
Across the iron-furrow'd way,
Joyous in all the joy of May
- 2 Three babies, and one, Margaret,
In charge upon the others set
To lift and soothe them if they fret
- 3 The sky is blue, the sun is bright,
The little voices, pure and light,
Make music as they laugh outright
- 4 The noiseless weight of giant wheels
Amongst them in a moment steals,
And death is rolling at their heels
- 5 She ran with one to reach the side,
And reach'd it, and look'd back, and spied,
Where the dark wheels right towards them
slide,
- 6 The other two that were forgot,
Playing by death and knowing not;
And drew them to the narrow spot

- 7 Between the rails and platform side,
Safe nestling down, but as they glide
The wheel rods struck her and she died
- 8 By those she died for there she lay,
Nor any word could Margaret say,
But closed her eyes and pass'd away
- 9 My little heroine ! though I ne'er
Can look upon thy features fair,
Nor kiss the lips that mangled were
- 10 Too small a thing from Fame to have
A portion with the great and brave,
And unknown in thy lowly grave
- 11 Yet thy true heart and fearless faith,
And agony of love in death
God saw, and He remembereth
- 1 *Iron-furrow'd way* The railway lines
4 *Gi'-ant* Large
5 *Spied* Saw
7 *Plat'-form* The raised pathway of the station
 Nes'-ling Crouching snugly
9 *Her'-o-ine* Brave girl
 Feat'-ures Face
 Man'-gled Torn and crushed.
10 *Por'-tion* Part, lot
11 *Ag'-o-ny* Great pain.

IV.—JACK AND THE BEANSTALK (3)

1. Jack pursued his journey. He walked on till after sunset, when, to his great joy, he espied a large mansion. A plain-looking woman was at the door, he accosted her, begging she would give him a morsel of bread and a night's lodging.

2. She expressed the greatest surprise, and said it was quite uncommon to see a human being near their house, for it was well known that her husband was a powerful giant, who would never eat anything but human flesh, if he could possibly get it, that he would walk fifty miles to procure it, usually being out the whole of the day for that purpose.

3. This account greatly terrified Jack, but still he hoped to elude the giant, and therefore he again entreated the woman to take him in for one night only, and hide him where she thought proper. She at last suffered herself to be persuaded, for she was of a compassionate and generous disposition, and took him into the house.

4. First they entered a fine large hall, magnificently furnished, then they passed through several spacious rooms in the same style of grandeur, but all appeared forsaken and desolate.

5 A long gallery came next, it was very dark—just light enough to see that instead of a wall on one side, there was a grating of iron which parted off a dismal dungeon, from whence issued the groans of those victims whom the cruel giant reserved in confinement for his voracious appetite

6 Poor Jack was half dead with fear, and would have given the world to have been with his mother again, for he now began to doubt if he should ever see her more, he even mistrusted the good woman, and thought she had let him into the house for no other purpose than to lock him up among the unfortunate people in the dungeon

7 However, she bade Jack sit down, and gave him plenty to eat and drink, and he, not seeing anything to make him uncomfortable, soon forgot his fear, and was just beginning to enjoy himself when he was startled by a loud knocking at the outer door, which made the whole house shake

8 “Ah! that’s the giant, and if he sees you he will kill you and me too,” cried the poor woman, trembling all over “What shall I do?” “Hide me in the oven,” cried Jack, now as bold as a lion at the thought of being face to face with his father’s cruel murderer So he crept into the oven—for there was no fire near it—

and listened to the giant's loud voice and heavy step as he went up and down the kitchen, scolding his wife

9 At last he seated himself at table, and Jack, peeping through a crevice in the oven, was amazed to see what a quantity of food he devoured. It seemed as if he never would have done eating and drinking, but he did at last, and, leaning back, called to his wife in a voice of thunder—"Bring me my hen!"

10 She obeyed, and placed upon the table a very beautiful live hen. "Lay!" roared the giant, and the hen laid immediately an egg of solid gold. "Lay another!" and every time the giant said this, the hen laid a larger egg than before. He amused himself a long time with his hen, and then sent his wife to bed, while he fell asleep by the fireside, and snored like the roaring of a cannon.

- 1 *Man'sion* A fine large house
- 3 *Elude*. Escape
- 4 *Mag-nif'-i-cent-ly* Beautifully
- Spa'-cious* Very large
- 5 *Dark'-geon* Dark prison
- Gre'-dious* Greedy
- 9 *Cre'-vice* Crack or small opening.

V—JACK AND THE BEANSTALK (4)

1 As soon as he was asleep Jack crept out of the oven, seized the hen, and ran off with her. He got safely out of the house, and finding his way along the road he came, he reached the top of the beanstalk, which he descended in safety.

2 His mother was overjoyed to see him. She thought he had come to some ill end. "Not a bit of it, mother. Look here!" and he showed her the hen. "Now lay", and the hen obeyed him as readily as the giant, and laid as many golden eggs as he desired. These eggs being sold, Jack and his mother got plenty of money, and for some months lived happily together, till Jack got another great longing to climb the beanstalk and carry away more of the giant's riches.

3 He had told his mother of his adventure, but had been very careful not to say a word about his father. He thought of his journey again and again, but still he could not summon resolution enough to break it to his mother, being well assured that she would endeavour to prevent his going.

4 However, one day he told her boldly that he must take another journey up the beanstalk, she begged and prayed him not to think

of it, and tried all in her power to dissuade him

5 She told him that the giant's wife would certainly know him again, and that the giant would desire nothing better than to get him into his power, that he might put him to a cruel death, in order to be revenged for the loss of his hen

6 Jack, finding that all his arguments were useless, ceased speaking, though resolved to go at all events. He had a dress prepared, which he thought would disguise him, and something to colour his skin, he thought it impossible for any one to recollect him in this dress

7 A few mornings after, he rose early, and unperceived by any one, climbed the beanstalk a second time. He was greatly fatigued when he reached the top, and very hungry. Having rested some time on one of the stones, he pursued his journey to the giant's mansion, which he reached late in the evening, the woman was at the door as before

8 Jack addressed her, at the same time telling her a pitiful tale, and requesting that she would give him some victuals and drink, and also a night's lodging

9 She told him (what he knew before very well) about her husband being a powerful and cruel giant, and also that she had one night

admitted a poor, hungry, friendless boy, that the little ungrateful fellow had stolen one of the giant's treasures, and ever since her husband had been worse than before, using her very cruelly, and continually upbraiding her with being the cause of his misfortune

10 Jack felt sorry for her, but confessed nothing, and did his best to persuade her to admit him, but found it a very hard task

11 At last she consented, and as she led the way, Jack observed that everything was just as he had found it before. She took him into the kitchen, and after he had done eating and drinking she hid him in an old lumber closet

12 The giant returned at the usual time, and walked in so heavily that the house was shaken to its foundations. He seated himself by the fire, and soon after exclaimed "Wife, I smell fresh meat"

13 The wife replied it was the crows, which had brought a piece of raw meat and left it at the top of the house. While supper was preparing the giant was very ill-tempered and impatient, frequently lifting his hand to strike his wife for not being quick enough. He was also continually upbraiding her with the loss of his wonderful hen

4 *Dis-suade* Persuade not to do a thing

6 *Ar'-gu-ments* Reasons

7. *Fa-tigued.* Tired.
Pur-sued. Followed after.
 8. *Vict'uals* (pronounced *vit-tles*). Food.
 9. *Treas'ures.* Valuable things.
 13. *Up-braid'-ing.* Blaming.

VI.—THE KNIGHT'S LEAP

A LEGEND OF ALTENAUH (C. KINGSLEY)

1. "So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine ;
 And the water is spent and gone ?
 Then bring me a cup of red Ahr wine—
 I never shall drink but this one.
2. "And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,
 And lead him me round to the door :
 He must take such a leap to-night perforce,
 As horse never took before.
3. "I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
 I have drunk my share of wine :
 From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
 Led a merrier life than mine.

4 "I have lived by the saddle for years two-
score ,
And if I must die on a tree—



"HE LEAPT HIM OUT OVER THE WALL "

Why, the old saddle-tree which has borne
me of yore
Is the properest timber for me

5 "So now to show bishop, and burgher, and
priest,
How the Altenahr hawk must die
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly "

6 He hainessed himself in the clear moonshine,
 And he mounted his horse at the door
 And he drained such a cup of the red Ahi
 wine
 As man never drained before

7 He spurred the old horse, and he held him
 tight,
 And he leapt him out over the wall
 Out over the cliff, out into the night,
 Three hundred feet of fall

8 They found him next morning below in the
 glen,
 With never a bone in him whole,
 A mass of a prayer now, good gentlemen,
 For such a bold rider's soul

Le'-gend Tale

1 *Foe'-man* Enemy

Spent Used up

2 *Har'-ness* Armour

Per'-force Of necessity

3 *Trier* Treves, a city on the Rhine

Cohn Cologne, a city on the Rhine

Knight Gentleman soldier

4 *Die on a tree* Be hanged

Sul'-dle tree Frame of the saddle

5 *Alten ahi' hawk* The knight of the castle of
 Altenahr, so called because he made war upon

his neighbours, as the hawk does upon other
birds and small animals

5 *Falc'-on* A kind of hawk (here the knight)

8 *Glen* A narrow valley

Mass A service of prayer of the Roman Catholic
Church

VII—JACK AND THE BEANSTALK (5)

1 At last, having ended his supper, he
cried "Give me something to amuse me! my
harp or my money-bags" "Which will you have,
my dear?" said the wife humbly "My money-
bags, because they are the heaviest to carry,"
thundered he

2 She brought them, staggering under the
weight—two bags, one filled with guineas, and
the other with new shillings She emptied them
out on the table, and the giant began counting
them in great glee "Now you may go to bed,
you old fool" So the wife crept away

3 Jack from his hiding-place watched the
counting of the money, which he knew was his
poor father's, and wished it was his own, it would
give him much less trouble than going about
selling the golden eggs

4 The giant, little thinking he was so nar-
rowly observed, reckoned it all up, and then
replaced it in the two bags, which he tied up
very carefully and put beside his chair, with his
little dog to guard them At last he fell asleep

as before, and snored so loud that Jack compared his noise to the roaring of the sea in a high wind when the tide is coming in

5 At last Jack, concluding all secure, stole out, in order to carry off the two bags of money, but just as he had his hand upon one of them, the little dog, which he had not perceived before, started from under the giant's chair, and barked most furiously

6 Instead of endeavouring to escape, Jack stood still, though expecting his enemy to awake every instant. Contrary, however, to his expectations, the giant continued in a sound sleep, and Jack, seeing a piece of meat, threw it to the dog, who at once ceased barking and began to devour it. So Jack carried off the bags, one on each shoulder, but they were so heavy that it took him two whole days to descend the beanstalk and get back to his mother's door

7 When he came he found the cottage deserted. He ran from one room to another without being able to find any one. He then hastened to the village, hoping to see some of the neighbours who could inform him where he could find his mother

8 An old woman at last directed him to a neighbouring house, where she was ill of a fever. He was greatly shocked at finding her apparently dying, and blamed himself bitterly as the cause

of it all. However, at the sight of her dear son the poor woman revived, and slowly recovered health.

9 Jack gave her his two money-bags, they had the cottage re-built and well-furnished, and lived happier than they had ever done before.

10 For three years Jack heard no more of the beanstalk, but he could not forget it, though he feared making his mother unhappy. It was in vain endeavouring to amuse himself, he became thoughtful, and would arise at the first dawn of day, and sit looking at the beanstalk for hours together.

11 His mother saw that something preyed upon his mind, and endeavoured to discover the cause, but Jack knew too well what the consequences would be should she succeed. He did his utmost, therefore, to conquer the great desire he had for another journey up the beanstalk.

12 Finding, however, that his inclination grew too powerful for him, he began to make secret preparations for his journey. He got ready a new disguise, better and more complete than the former, and when summer came, on the longest day he woke as soon as it was light, and without telling his mother, ascended the beanstalk.

13 He found the road and journey much as they were on the two former times. He arrived

at the giant's mansion in the evening, and found the wife standing as usual at the door.

- 2. *Guin'-ea*. A gold coin worth twenty-one shillings.
- 6. *En-dear'-our-ing*. Trying.
- 8. *Ap-par'-ent-ly*. Seemingly.
- 11. *Preyed upon his mind*. Troubled him.
- 12. *Dis-guise*. Change of dress to make him look different.
- As-cend'-ed*. Went up.

VIII.—JACK AND THE BEANSTALK (6)

1. Jack had disguised himself so completely that she did not appear to have the least recollection of him; however, when he pleaded hunger and poverty, in order to gain admittance, he found it very difficult indeed to persuade her.

2. At last he prevailed, and was concealed in the copper. When the giant returned, he said furiously: "I smell fresh meat!" But Jack felt quite composed, as he had said so before, and had been soon satisfied. However, the giant started up suddenly, and, notwithstanding all his wife could say, he searched all round the room.

3. Whilst this was going forward Jack was exceedingly terrified, wishing himself at home a thousand times; and when the giant approached

the copper, and put his hand upon the lid, Jack thought his death was certain. However, nothing happened, for the giant did not take the trouble to lift up the lid, but sat down shortly by the fireside, and began to eat his enormous supper •

4 When he had finished he commanded his wife to fetch down his harp. Jack peeped under the copper lid and saw a most beautiful harp. The giant placed it on the table, and said "Play", and it played of its own accord, without anybody touching it, the most exquisite music imaginable.

5 Jack, who was a very good musician, was delighted, and more anxious to get this than any other of his enemy's treasures. But the giant not being particularly fond of music, the harp had only the effect of lulling him to sleep earlier than usual. As for the wife, she had gone to bed as soon as ever she could.

6 As soon as he thought all was safe Jack got out of the copper, and, seizing the harp, was eagerly running off with it. But the harp was enchanted by a fairy, and as soon as it found itself in strange hands it called out loudly, just as if it had been alive. "Master! master!"

7 The giant awoke, started up, and saw Jack scampering away as fast as his legs could carry him. "Oh, you villain! it is you who

have robbed me of my hen and my money-bags, and now you are stealing my harp also. Wait till I catch you, and I'll eat you up alive!"

8 "Very well, try!" shouted Jack, who was not a bit afraid, for he saw the giant was so tipsy he could hardly stand, much less run, and he himself had young legs and a clear conscience, which can carry a man a long way. So, after leading the giant a considerable race, he contrived to be first at the top of the beanstalk, and then scrambled down it as fast as he could, the harp playing all the while the most melancholy music, till he said "Stop", and it stopped.

9 Arrived at the bottom, he found his mother sitting at her cottage door weeping. "Here, mother, don't cry, just give me a hatchet—make haste", for he knew there was not a moment to spare, he saw the giant beginning to descend the beanstalk.

10 However, it was too late—the monster's ill-deeds had come to an end. Jack with his hatchet cut the beanstalk close at the root, the giant fell headlong into the garden, and was killed on the spot.

11 Instantly the fairy appeared, and explained everything to Jack's mother, begging her to forgive Jack, who was his father's own son for bravery and generosity, and who would be sure to make her happy for the rest of her

days So all ended well, and nothing was
 ever more heard or seen of the wonderful bean-
 stalk

- 1 *Rec-ol-lec'-tion* Remembrance
 4 *E'r'-qui-site* Delightful
 •7 *Vil'-lun* A bad fellow
 8 *Mel'-an-cho-ly* Miserable

IX.—BISHOP HATTO

(ROBERT SOUTHEY)

- 1 The summer and autumn had been so wet,
 That in winter the corn was growing yet,
 'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
 The grain lie rotting on the ground
- 2 Every day the starving poor
 Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
 For he had a plentiful last year's store,
 And all the neighbourhood could tell
 His granaries were furnished well
- 3 At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
 To quiet the poor without delay,
 He bade them to his great barn repair,
 And they should have food for the winter
 there

4. Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flocked from far and near ;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.
5. Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door ;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.
6. " I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire ! " quoth he,
" And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn,
Of rats, that only consume the corn."
7. So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man ;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.
8. In the morning as he enter'd the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.
9. As he look'd there came a man from the farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm ;
" My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

- 10 Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be,
“Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly,” quoth he,
“Ten thousand rats are coming this way—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!”
-
- 11 “I’ll go to my tower on the Rhine,” replied
he,
“’Tis the safest place in Germany,
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water
deep”
- 12 Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten’d away,
And he cross’d the Rhine without delay,
And reach’d his tower, and barr’d with care
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.
- 13 He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming
came
- 14 He listen’d and look’d, it was only the cat,
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for
that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that was drawing near

- 15 For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent
To do the work for which they were sent
- 16 They are not to be told by the dozen or
score,
By thousands they come, and by myriads
and more,
Such numbers had never been heard of
before,
Such a judgment had never been witness'd
of yore
- 17 Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear
- 18 And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they
pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through
the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind
and before,
From within and without, from above and
below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go

19 They have whetted their teeth against the
stones,

And now they pick the Bishop's bones ,
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him

2 *Gran'-a-ries* Barns where grain is stored

6 *For-lorn'* Miserable

Rats The poor people

16 *To be told* To be counted

My'-ri-ads Tens of thousands , countless numbers

Of yore In olden times

17 *Tell* Count

18 *Hel'-ter-skel'-ter* In a confused crowd

19 *Whet'-ted* Sharpened

X.—THE DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL (1)

(CHARLES DICKENS)

1 Paul had never risen from his little bed
He lay there listening to the noises in the street
quite tranquilly ; not caring how the time went,
but watching it, and watching everything about
him with observing eyes

2 When the sunbeams struck into his room
through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the
opposite wall like golden water, he knew that
evening was coming on and that the sky was
red and beautiful

3 As the reflection died away and the gloom
went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen,

deepen into the night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead.

4. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to the sea.

5. As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-coloured ring about the candle and wait patiently for the day.

6. His only trouble was the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it, to stem it with his childish hands, or choke its way with sand, and when he saw it coming on resistless he cried out.

7. But a word from his sister Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream and smiled.

8. The people round him changed unaccountably—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been the doctor was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. Pipchin, his nurse, dozing in an easy

chair, often changed to his aunt, and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion

9 But this figure, with its head upon its hand, returned so often, and remained so long,



"HE TOLD FLOY OF HIS DREAM"

and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly if it were real, and in the night-time saw it sitting there with fear

10 "Floy!" he said "What is that?"
"Where, dearest?" "There! at the bottom of

the bed." "There's nothing there, except papa!" The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said: "My own boy! don't you know me?" Paul looked it in the face, and thought, was this his father?

11. But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the bed and went out at the door.

12. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it, "Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa! Indeed I am quite happy!"

13. His father coming, and bending down to him — which he did quickly — Paul held him round the neck, and repeated those words to him several times, and very earnestly. This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

1. *Tran'-quil-ly.* Peacefully.
2. *Rus'-tling.* Making a soft noise.
8. *Un-ac-count'-a-bly.* In a way that cannot be explained.
- E-mo'-tion.* Strong feeling.
9. *Lan'-guid-ly.* Wearily.
11. *Thrilled.* Quivered.

XI.—THE DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL (2)

1 One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother, for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no.

2 ‘Floy, did I ever see mamma?’ ‘No, darling, why?’ ‘Did I never see any kind face, like mamma’s, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?’ he asked incredulously, as if he had seen some vision of a face before him. ‘Oh yes, dear!’ ‘Whose, Floy?’ ‘Your old nurse’s. Often.’ ‘And where is my old nurse?’ said Paul. ‘Is she dead too? Floy, are we all dead, except you?’

3 There was a hurry in the room for an instant—longer, perhaps, but it seemed no more—then all was still again, and Florence, with her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. ‘Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!’ ‘She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow.’ ‘Thank you, Floy!’

4 Paul closed his eyes with these words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. Then

he said, "Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?"

5. Then he closed his eyes. The next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew every one and called them by their names.

6. "And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at the sight of him and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child.

7. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind, good face," said Paul; "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

8. "Now lay me down," he said; "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together.

9 “How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy ! But it’s very near the sea I hear the waves ! They always said so !”

10 Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes ! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on And now there was a shore before them Who stood on the bank ?

11 He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers He did not remove his arms to do it, but they saw him fold them so behind her neck

12 “Mamma is like you, Floy I know her by the face ! But tell them that the print upon the stairs is not divine enough The light about the head is shining on me as I go !”

13 The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room The old, old fashion ! The fashion that came in with our first parents, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll The old, old fashion—Death ! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality ! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean !

1. *Sug-gest'-ed.* Made him think of.
2. *In-cred'-u-lous-ly.* In an unbelieving manner.
Vis'-ion. Dream.
6. *Ra'-di-ant.* Bright.
Blight'-ed. Withered ; fading.
10. *Lull'-ing.* Calming ; quieting.
12. *Di-vine.* Heavenly.
13. *Firm'-a-ment.* The heavens.
Scroll. A roll of paper, etc.
Im-mor-tal'-ity. The state in heaven where there is no more death.
With regards not quite estranged. With a not unfriendly look.

XII.—TUBAL CAIN

(CHARLES MACKAY)

1. Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when Earth was young ;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung ;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, " Hurrah for my handiwork !
Hurrah for the Spear and Sword !
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be King and Lord ! "

2. To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire ;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,



And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew !
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true !"

3. But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,

And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done :
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage, blind.
And he said, " Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man ! "

4. And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang, " Hurrah for my handiwork ! "
And the red sparks lit the air ;
" Not alone for the blade was the bright steel
made ; "
And he fashioned the First Ploughshare.
5. And men, taught wisdom from the Past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands ;

And sang, " Hurrah for Tubal Cain !
 Our stanch good friend is he ,
 And for the ploughshare and the plough
 To him our praise shall be
 But while Oppression lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the Plough,
 We'll not forget the Sword ! "

Tubal Cain Son of Lamech and Zillah, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron" (Genesis iv 22)

1 *Brawn'-y* Having plenty of brawn or muscle, muscular, strong

Fash'-ioned Formed, made

3 *Cain'-age* Slaughter

4 *Brood'-ing* Thinking regretfully

Smoul'-dered Burnt slowly without showing fire

Plough'-share The iron blade of the plough, that cuts or shears the furrow through the ground

5 *Stanch* True and trusty

XIII — THE TURON GOLD-DIGGINGS IN 1850 (1)

(ROLF BOLDREWOOD)

1 We went outside of a rocky point, and sure enough here was the first Australian gold-diggings in full blast. What a sight it was to be sure ! Jim and I sat in our saddles, while the horses went to work on the green grass of

the flat, and stared as if we had seen a bit of another world. So it was another world to us, straight away from the sad-voiced solitudes of the bush.

2 Baring Sydney or Melbourne, we'd never seen so many men in a crowd before, and how different they looked from the crawling people of a town! A green-banked, rapid river ran before us, through a deep, narrow valley. The bright green flats looked so strange with the yellow water rippling and rushing between them.

3 Upon that small flat, and by the bank, and in the river itself, nearly 20,000 men were at work, harder and more silently than any crowd we'd ever seen before. Most of 'em were digging, winding up green-hide buckets filled with gravel from shafts, which were sunk so thickly over the place that you could not pass between without jostling some one.

4 Others were driving carts heavily laden with the same stuff towards the river, in which hundreds of men were standing up to their waists washing the gold out of tin pans, iron buckets, and every kind of vessel or utensil.

5 By far the greater number of miners used things like child's cradles, rocking them to and fro, while a constant stream of yellow water passed through. Very little talk went on, every

man looked feverishly anxious to get the greatest quantity of work done by sundown

6 It was rather sharp work riding our horses through men, women, and children, carts, cradles, shafts, and tin dishes, but they were a trifle tired and tender-footed, so in less than twenty minutes



“WHAT A SIGHT IT WAS TO BE SURE!”

we reached the auction yard, handed our horses over to the auctioneer to sell, and walked down the long street. My word, we were stunned, and no mistake about it

7 There was nothing to see but a rocky river and a flat, deep down between hills, like we had

seen scores and scores of times all our lives, and thought nothing of, and here they were digging gold out of it in all directions, just like potatoes, as Tim said

8 Some of the lumps we saw—nuggets they called 'em—were near as big as new potatoes, without a word of lie in it I could hardly believe it, but I saw them passing the little wash-leather bags of gold-dust and lumps of dirty yellow gravel, but heavier, from one to the other, just as if they had been nothing—nearly £4 an ounce they said it was worth, or a trifle under

9 The big man of the gold-field seemed to be the Commissioner We saw him come riding down the street with a couple of troopers after his heels, looking as if all the place, and the gold too, belonged to him He had to settle all the rows and disputes that came up over the gold, and the boundaries of the "claims," as they called the twenty-foot paddocks they all washed in, and a nice time he must have had of it!

10 However, he was pretty smart and quick about it The diggers used to crowd round and kick up a bit of a row, sometimes when two lots of men were fighting for the same claim and gold coming up close by, but what he said was law, and no mistake When he gave it out they had to take it and be content

11 Then he used to ride away, and not trouble his head any more about it, and after a lot of disputing it all seemed to come right. Men like to be talked to straight, and no shilly-shally

- Tu-r-on'* A town in the South Australian gold-fields
 1 *Sol'-i-tudes* Places without any people
 2 *Rip'-pling* Making a gentle noise like running water
 3 *Green-hide buckets* Buckets made of untanned skin
Jos'-tling Pushing against one another
 4 *U-ten'-sils* Pots and pans
 6 *Auc-tion-eer'* A man who sells things by auction, or by letting them go to the person offering most money
 9 *Com-mis'-sion-er* The magistrate of the district
Pad'-dock An enclosure
 11 *Shil'-ly-shal'-ly* Nonsense

XIV —THE TURON GOLD-DIGGINGS (2)

1 What I didn't like so much was the hunting about of the poor fellows that had not got what they called a license—a printed thing giving 'em leave for to dig gold on the Crown lands. This used to cost a pound or thirty shillings a month—I forget rightly which—and, of course, some of the chaps hadn't the money to get it with—spent what they had, been unlucky, or run away from somewhere, and came up here as bare of everything to get it out of the ground

2. You'd see the troopers asking everybody for their license, and those that hadn't them would be marched up to the police-station and chained to a big log, sometimes for days and days. The Government hadn't time to get up a lock-up, with cells and all the rest of it, so they had to do the chain business.

3. Some of these men had seen better days, and felt it; the other diggers didn't like it either, and growled a good deal among themselves. We could see it would make bad blood some day; but there was such a lot of gold being got just then that the people didn't bother their heads about anything more than they could help—plenty of gold, plenty of money, people bringing up more things every day from the towns for the use of the diggers. You could get pretty near anything you wanted by paying for it.

4. Hard work from daylight to dark, with every now and then a big find to sweeten it, when a man could see as much money lying at his feet, or in his hand, as a year's work—no, four or five—hadn't made for him before. No wonder people were not in a hurry to call out for a change in a place like the Turon of the year 1850!

5. It was the first night surprised us. Long rows of tents, with big roaring log fires in front, hot enough to roast you if you went too near;

mobs of men talking, singing, chaffing, dealing—all as jolly as a lot of schoolboys There was grog, too, going, as there is everywhere No publics were allowed at first, so, of course, it was sold on the sly

6 When the police found a sly grog tent they made short work of it, I will say Jim and I were close by, and saw them at the fun Somebody had informed on the man, or they had some other reason, so they rode down, about a dozen troopers, with the Commissioner at their head He went in and found two casks of biandy and one of rum, besides a lot of bottled stuff They didn't want that for their own use, he believed

7 First he had the heads knocked in of the hogsheads, then all the bottled wine and spirits were unpacked and stowed in a cart, while the straw was put back in the tent Then the men and women were ordered to come outside, and a trooper set fire to the straw In five minutes the tent and everything in it was a mass of flame

8 Every one at the diggings turned out for an hour or two at night, and then was the time to see Turon in its glory Big, sunburnt men, with beards, and red silk sashes round their waists, with a sheath-knife and revolvers mostly stuck in them, and broad-leaved felt hats

on. They were a droll, strange, fierce-looking crowd.

1. *Li'-cense.* Permission.
2. *Cells.* The small rooms in prisons.
5. *Chaff'-ing.* Making fun.
7. *Hogs'-heads.* Large casks.

XV.—HORATIUS (1)

(MACAULAY)

1. It is said that once, in the early days of the Romans, when the Etruscans came with an army to take and destroy Rome, Horatius, the captain of the gate of the city which opened upon the bridge over the Tiber, together with his two friends, Spurius Lartius and Herminius, kept back the whole of the enemy while the bridge was being broken down.

2. When the Consul, or leader of the Romans, saw the enemy coming quickly upon them he cried out—

“ Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ? ”

3. Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate,

HORATIUS

“To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods ?



4. “Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed you may ,
I, and two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.

Now who will stand on either hand
And keep the bridge with me ? ”

5. Then out spake Spurius Lartius,
Of lineage proud was he,
“ Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee ”
And out spake strong Heiminus,
Of Titian blood was he,
“ I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee ”
- 6 “ Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
“ As thou sayest, so let it be ”
And straight against the great array
Forth went the dauntless three
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life
In the brave days of old
- 7 Then none was for a party ,
Then all were for the state ,
Then the great man helped the poor ,
And the poor man loved the great ,
Then lands were fairly portioned ,
Then spoils were fairly sold ,

The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

.

8. Now, while the three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe :
And Fathers mixed with Commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above
And loosed the props below.
-

9. The three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose ;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array :
To earth they sprang, their swords they
drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

10. Lartius hurled one into the Tiber, Herminius cut down the second, and Horatius thrust his sword into the third. Three more chiefs then rushed upon the defenders of the bridge, and they were likewise slain.

- 1 *E-trus'-cans* A people who dwelt not far from Rome
Ho-a'-ti-us Pronounce *Horashius*
Lar'-ti-us Pronounce *Larshius*
- 2 *Van* The front ranks of their army
- 3 *Olds* Numbers
Ashes The Romans burnt the bodies of their dead, and preserved their ashes
Temples of his gods The early Romans were idolaters
- 4 *Strait* Narrow
- 5 *Liv'-e-age* Family
Tit'-i-an Pronounce *Tishuan* Belonging to the Titian family
- 6 *Ar-my'* Army
Dau-nt'-less Bold
- 8 *Fa'-thers* The old nobles
Com'-mons The ordinary people

XVI.—A LESSON FROM THE RAIN (1)

(SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE)

1 Let us suppose that it is summer-time, that you are in the country, and that you have fixed upon a certain day for a holiday ramble. Some of you are going to gather wild-flowers, some to collect pebbles, and some without any very definite aim beyond the love of the holiday and of any sport or adventure which it may bring with it.

2. Soon after sunrise on the eventful day you

are awake, and great is your delight to find the sky clear and the sun shining warmly. It is arranged, however, that you do not start until after breakfast-time, and meanwhile you busy yourselves in getting ready all the baskets and sticks and other gear of which you are to make use during the day.

3 But the brightness of the morning begins to get dimmed. The few clouds which were to be seen at first have grown large, and seem evidently gathering together for a storm. And sure enough, ere breakfast is well over, the first ominous big drops are seen falling. You cling to the hope that it is only a shower which will soon be over, and you go on with the preparations for the journey notwithstanding.

4 But the rain shows no symptom of soon ceasing. The big drops come down thicker and faster, little pools of water begin to form in the hollows of the road, and the window-panes are now streaming with rain. With sad hearts you have to give up all hope of holding your excursion to-day.

5 It is no doubt very tantalising to be disappointed in this way when the promised pleasure was on the very point of becoming yours. But let us see if we cannot derive some compensation even from the bad weather. Late in the afternoon the sky clears a little, and the

rain ceases. You are glad to get outside again, and so we all sally forth for a walk

6 Streams of muddy water are still coursing along the sloping roadway. If you will let me be your guide, I would advise that we should take our walk by the neighbouring river. We wend our way by wet paths and green lanes, where every hedgerow is still dripping with moisture, until we gain the bridge, and see the river right beneath us

7. What a change this one day's heavy rain has made! Yesterday you could almost count the stones in the channel, so small and clear was the current. But look at it now! The water fills the channel from bank to bank, and rolls along swiftly. We can watch it for a little from the bridge. As it rushes past, innumerable leaves and twigs are seen floating on its surface

8. Now and then a larger branch, or even a whole tree-trunk, comes down, tossing and rolling about on the flood. Sheaves of straw or hay, planks of wood, pieces of wooden fence, sometimes a poor duck, unable to struggle against the current, roll past us and show how the river has risen above its banks and done damage to the farms higher up its course

9. We linger for a while on the bridge, watching this unceasing tumultuous rush of water and the constant variety of objects which

it carries down the channel. You think it was perhaps almost worth while to lose your holiday for the sake of seeing so grand a sight as this angry and swollen river, roaring and rushing with its full burden of dark water. Now, while the scene is still fresh before you, ask yourselves a few simple questions about it, and you will find perhaps additional reasons for not regretting the failure of the promised excursion.

10 In the first place, where does all this added mass of water in the river come from? You say it was the rain that brought it. Well, but how should it find its way into this broad channel? Why does not the rain run off the ground without making any river at all?

11 But, in the second place, where does the rain come from? In the early morning the sky was bright, then clouds appeared, and then came the rain, and you answer that it was the clouds which supplied the rain. But the clouds must have derived the water from some source. How is it that clouds gather rain, and let it descend upon the earth?

12 In the third place, what is it which causes the river to rush on in one direction more than another? When the water was low, and you could, perhaps, almost step across the channel on the stones and gravel, the current, small though it might be, was still quite perceptible.

You saw that the water was moving along the channel always from the same quarter. And now when the channel is filled with this rolling torrent of dark water, you see that the direction of the current is still the same. Can you tell why this should be?

13 Again, yesterday the water was clear, to-day it is dark and discoloured. Take a little of this dirty-looking water home with you, and let it stand all night in a glass. To-morrow morning you will find that it is clear, and that a fine layer of mud has sunk to the bottom. It is mud, therefore, which discolours the swollen river. But where did this mud come from? Plainly, it must have something to do with the heavy rain and the flooded state of the stream.

14 Well, this river, whether in shallow or in flood, is always moving onward in one direction, and the mud which it bears along is carried towards the same point to which the river itself is hastening. While we sit on the bridge watching the foaming water as it eddies and whirls past us, the question comes home to us—what becomes of all this vast quantity of water and mud?

15 Remember, now, that our river is only one of many hundreds which flow across this country, and that there are thousands more in other countries where the same thing may be

seen which we have been watching to-day They are all flooded when heavy rains come, they all flow downwards, and all of them carry more or less mud along with them

- 1 *Def'-in-ite* Fixed, exact
- 2 *Gear* • Apparatus, things
- 3 *O'-man ous* Foretelling evil, threatening
- 4 *Symp'-tom* Sign
- 5 *Tan'-tal-iz-ing* Vexing, teasing
- Com-pen-sa'-tion* Reward
- Sal'-ly* Set forth
- 9 *Tu-mul'-tu-ous* Noisy, disorderly
- 12 *Per-cep'-ti-ble* That which can be seen or perceived

XVII—A LESSON FROM THE RAIN (2)

1 As we walk homewards again, it will be well to put together some of the chief features of this day's experience We have seen that sometimes the sky is clear and blue, with the sun shining brightly and warmly in it, that sometimes clouds come across the sky, and that when they gather thickly rain is apt to fall We have seen that a river flows, that it is swollen by heavy rain, and that when swollen it is apt to be muddy

2 In this way we have learnt that there is a close connection between the sky above us and the earth under our feet. In the morning it

seemed but a little thing that clouds should be seen gathering overhead, and yet, ere evening fell, these clouds led by degrees to the flooding of the river, the sweeping down of trees, and fences, and farm produce, and it might even be to the destruction of bridges, the inundation of fields and villages and towns, and a large destruction of human life and property

3 But perhaps you live in a large town and have no opportunity of seeing such country sights as I have been describing, and in that case you may naturally enough imagine that these things cannot have much interest for you. You may learn a great deal, however, about rain and streams even in the streets of a town

4 Catch a little of the rain in a plate, and you will find it to be so much clear water. But look at it as it courses along the gutters. You see how muddy it is. It has swept away the loose dust worn by wheels and feet from the stones of the street, and carried it into the gutters. Each gutter thus becomes like the flooded river

5. You can watch, too, how chips of straw, corks, bits of wood, and other loose objects lying in the street are borne away, very much as the trunks of trees are carried by the river. Even in a town, therefore, you can follow how changes in the sky lead to changes on the earth.

6 If you think for a little, you will recall many other illustrations of the way in which the common things of everyday life are connected together. As far back as you can remember, you have been familiar with such things as sunshine, clouds, wind, rain, rivers, frost, and snow, and they have grown so commonplace that you never think of considering about them.

7 You cannot imagine them, perhaps, as in any way different from what they are, they seem, indeed, so natural and so necessary that you may even be surprised when any one asks you to give a reason for them. But if you had lived all your lives in a country where no rain ever fell, and if you were to be brought to such a country as this, and were to see such a storm of rain as you have been watching to-day, would it not be very strange to you, and would you not naturally enough begin to ask the meaning of it?

8. Or suppose that a boy from some very warm part of the world were to visit this country in winter, and to see for the first time snow fall, and the rivers solidly frozen-over, would you be surprised if he showed great astonishment? If he asked you to tell him what snow is, and why the ground is so hard, and the air so cold, why the streams no longer flow, but have become crusted with ice—could you answer his questions?

9 And yet these questions relate to very common, everyday things. If you think about them, you will learn, perhaps, that the answers are not quite so easily found as you had imagined. Do not suppose that because a thing is common it can have no interest for you. There is really nothing so common as not to deserve your attention, and which will not reward you for your pains.

10 I would fain have you not to be content with what is said in this little book, or in other books, whether small or great, but rather to get into the habit of using your own eyes and seeing for yourselves what takes place in this wonderful world of ours. All round you there is abundant material for this most delightful inquiry.

11 No excursion you ever made in pursuit of mere enjoyment and adventure by river, heath, or hill, could give you more hearty pleasure than a ramble with eyes and ears alike open to note the lessons to be learnt from every day and from every landscape. Remember that besides the printed books which you use at home, or at school, there is the great book of Nature, wherein each of us, young and old, may read, and go on reading all through life without exhausting even a small part of what it has to teach us.

- 1 *Feat'-ures* The principal things to be seen
 2 *In-un-di'-tion* Flooding
 6 *Re-call'* Bring back to mind
 Com'-mon-place Ordinary
 10 *Fain* Gladly
 A-bund'-ant Very plentiful
 11 *Ex-haust'-ing* Using up
-

XVIII —HORATIUS (2)

- 1 But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard amongst the foes ,
 A wild and wrathful clamour
 From all the vanguard rose
 Six spears' lengths from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
 And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way
- 2 But hark ! the cry is " Astur,"
 And lo ! the ranks divide
 And the great Lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
 And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield
- 3 He smiled on those bold Romans,
 A smile serene and high ,

He eyed the finching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye
 Quoth he, " The she-wolf's litter
 Stand savagely at bay
 But will ye dare to follow
 If Astur clears the way ? "

- 4 Then whirling up his broadsword
 With both hands to the height,
 He rushed against Horatius,
 And smote with all his might
 With shield and blade, Horatius
 Right deftly turned the blow—
 The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh,
 It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh—
 The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
 To see the red blood flow
- 5 He reeled, and on Herminius
 He leaned one breathing space,
 Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face
 Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
 So fierce a thrust he sped,
 The good sword stood a handbreadth out
 Behind the Tuscan's head
- 6 But meanwhile axe and lever
 Have manfully been plied,

And now the bridge hangs tottering
 Above the boiling tide
 "Come back, come back, Horatius !"
 Loud cried the Fathers all ,
 "Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
 Back, ere the ruin fall !"

7 Back darted Spurius Lartius ,
 Herminius darted back
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet
 They felt the timbers crack
 But when they turned their faces,
 And on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
 They would have crossed once more

8 But with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam

1 *Clam'-our* Confused noise

2 *As'-tur* The giant chief of Luna, a city of the
 Etruscans

Am'-ple Broad

Four-fold shield Shield made of four thicknesses
 of ox-hide

selves, but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to add instances in sheep, which constantly flock together.

4 But this feeling seems not to be confined to animals of the same kind, for we know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows, with them it goes a-field, and with them it returns to the yard.

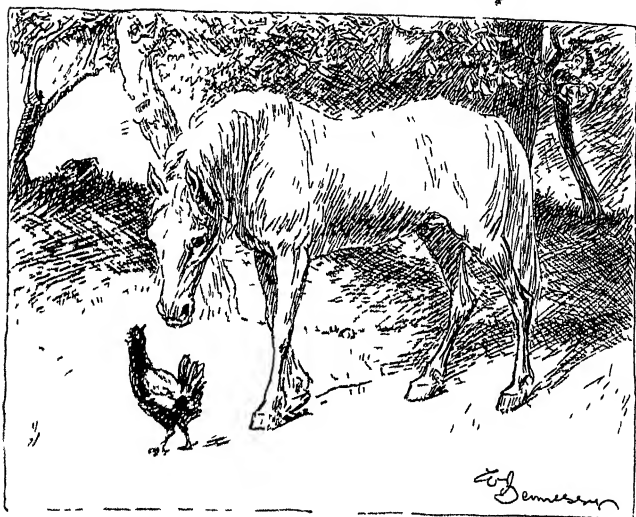
5 The dogs of the yard take no notice of this deer, being used to her, but if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues, while the master smiles to see his favourite leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture.

6 Even great difference of kind does not always prevent friendship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen.

7. These two animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard. By degrees an apparent friendship began to spring up between them. The fowl would approach the quadruped with friendly sounds, rubbing her-

self gently against his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution lest he should trample upon his tiny companion

8 My friend had a little helpless leveret



"THE HORSE WOULD LOOK DOWN WITH SATISFACTION"

brought to him, which the servants fed with milk in a spoon, and about the same time his cat had kittens, which were drowned. The hare was soon lost, and supposed to be killed by some dog or cat.

9. However, in about a fortnight, as the master was sitting in his garden, he observed

his cat with tail erect trotting towards him, and calling with little, short, affectionate notes, such as they use towards their kittens, and something gambolling after, which proved to be the leveret that the cat had supported with her milk, and continued to support with great affection

10 Again, a boy has taken three little squirrels in their nest, or drey, as it is called in these parts. These small creatures he put under the care of a cat who had lately lost her kittens, and finds that she nurses and suckles them with the same care and affection as if they were her own kittens

- 1 *So-ci al'-i-ty* Companionship, friendship
- 5 *En-sucs'* Follows
- Men'-a-cing* Threatening
- As-sail'-ants* Attackers, enemies
- 8 *Lev'-er-et* A young hare
- 9 *Gam'-bol-ling* Playing

XX—ARTHUR'S FIRST NIGHT AT RUGBY (1)

(FROM *TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS*, BY T. HUGHES)

1 The school-house prayers were the same on the first night as on the other nights, save for the gaps caused by the absence of those boys who came late, and the line of new boys who

stood all together at the farther table—of all sorts and sizes, like young bears with all their troubles to come, as Tom's father had said to him when he was in the same position.

2. He thought of it as he looked at the line, and poor little slight Arthur standing with them, and as he was leading him upstairs to Number 4, directly after prayers, and showing him his bed.

3. It was a huge, high, airy room, with two large windows looking on to the school close. There were twelve beds in the room. The one in the farthest corner by the fireplace occupied by the sixth-form boy, who was responsible for the discipline of the room, and the rest by the boys in the lower fifth and other junior forms, all fags (for the fifth-form boys slept in rooms by themselves).

4. Being fags, the eldest of them was not more than about sixteen years old, and were all bound to be up and in bed by ten; the sixth-form boys came to bed from ten to a quarter past (at which time the old verger came round to put the candles out), except when they sat up in bed to read.

5. Within a few minutes, therefore, of their entry, all the other boys who slept in Number 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing, and talking to each other in whispers; while the elder,

amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waist-coats off

6 Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off, however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused, and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

7 "Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?" "Of course, if you like," said Tom staring; "that's your washhand-stand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly out from between the beds to his washing-stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

8 On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on.

9 It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy, however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might, or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside as he had done every day from childhood, to open his



"THE BOOT HE HAD JUST KICKED OFF FLEW STRAIGHT AT THE HEAD OF THE
BULLY."

heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child and the strong man in agony.

10. Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence

Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow who was standing in the middle of the room picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver

11 Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow

12 "Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain "Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling, "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it"

3 *Oc'-cu-pied* Engaged in
Dis'-ci-pline Good order
Ju'-ni-or Younger

4 *Ver'-gen* The attendant

8 *Nerv'-ous-ly* In a frightened manner

10 *Sniv'-el-ling* Whining

11 *Bul'-ly* A big coward who torments those weaker than himself

XXI.—HORATIUS (3)

1 Alone stood brave Horatius,
 But constant still in mind,
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
 And the broad stream behind

“Down with him !” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face ,
“Now yield thee !” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace”

2 Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see,
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus not spake he
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome

3 “O Tiber ! father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day !”
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide

4 No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank
And when above the surges

They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer

5 But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain,
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain
And heavy was his armour,
And spent with changing blows,
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose

6 Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin

7 "Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,
"Will not the villain drown?"
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore,

For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before "

8 And now he feels the bottom,
Now on dry earth he stands,
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise, and weeping loud,
He enters through the river-gate,
Borne by the joyful crowd

9 They gave him of the corn-land
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night,
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands until this day
To witness if I lie.

- 1 *Falsc Ser'-tus* A Roman who had gone over to the enemy,
and was now one of the leaders of the Etruscans
Lars Por'-se-na. An Etruscan general
- 2 *Dergh'-ing* Condescending, taking the trouble
C'ra'-ren Coward
Pal-a-ti'-nus One of the seven hills upon which Rome
was built
- 3 *Ti'-ber* The river-god of the Romans
4. *Swa'-ges* Waves
Rap'-tu-ous. Joyous
5. *Chung'-ing*. Exchanging

- 6 *Ween* Think
7 *Sacked* Destroyed
Gul'-lant Brave
8 *Throng* Press
Go'-ry Blood-stained
9 *Pub'-lic* night Belonged to the state

XXII —ARTHUR'S FIRST NIGHT AT RUGBY (2)

1 What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed, and finished their unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good-night, gen'l'm'n."

2 There were many boys in that room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leapt, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

3 Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her

knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on his pillow, from which he might never rise, and he lay down gently, and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

4 It was no light act of courage in those days, my dear boys, for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables turned, before he died, in the schoolhouse at least, and, I believe, in the other house, the rule was the other way. But poor Tom had come to school in other times.

5 The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow.

6 Then he began to think he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling or sitting or lying down. And so it came to pass with Tom, as with all who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

7. Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling,

which was like to break his heart, was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it?

8 And then the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do. The first dawn of comfort came to him in swearing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens for the good deed that night.

9 Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved to bear testimony next morning. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip.

1 *Punct'-u-al* Coming exactly at the proper time

2 *De-sert'-ed* Left

4 *Ar'-nold* Dr. Arnold, head-master of Rugby School
Leav'-en To work in the school as yeast (leaven)
 does in the dough of which bread is made

7 *Loathed* Hated

8 *Brag'-gart* Boaster

9 *Test'-i-mo-ny* Witness

**. XXIII.—ARTHUR'S FIRST NIGHT AT
RUGBY (3)**

1. Several times he faltered, for the devil showed him first of all his old friends calling him "Saint" and "Square-toes," and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motive would be misunderstood, and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number.

2. And then came the more subtle temptation. "Shall I be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study? letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public at least I should go on as I have done?"

3. However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

4. Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then, in the face of the whole room, knelt down to pray.

Not five words could he say. The bell mocked him, and he was listening for every whisper in the room—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees.

5 At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still, small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the world.

6 It was not needed. Two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world.

7 He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

8 Before either Tom Brown or Arthur left the school-house there was no room in which it had not become the regular custom. I trust it is so still, and that the old heathen state of things has gone out for ever.

1. *Fal'-tered* Hesitated.
In'-flu-ence. Power
5. *Pub'-li-can.* See St. Luke xviii. 13
7. *Ex-ag'-ger-a-ted.* Made to appear greater than it
really was

XXIV.—THE OWL

(BARRY CORNWALL)

1. In the hollow tree in the gray old tower
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk,—he's abroad and well;
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and
dim,
The boldest will shrink away;
O, when the night falls, and roosts the
fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the hornèd
owl!
2. And the owl hath a bride who is fond and
bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And with eyes like the shine of the moonshine
cold
She awaiteth her ghastly groom!

Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still,
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill !

O, when the moon shines, and the dogs
do howl,

Then, then is the cry of the hornèd owl !



3 Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy plight !
The owl hath his share of good ;
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark green wood !

Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate ;
 They are each unto each a pride—
 Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark
 fate
 Hath rent them from all beside !
 So when the night falls, and dogs do
 howl,
 Sing Ho ! for the reign of the hornèd
 owl !
 We know not alway who are kings by day,
 But the king of the night is the bold
 brown owl.

1. *Spec'-tral.* Like a ghost, or spectre.
2. *Ghas't-ly.* Death-like.
Car'-ol. Song of joy.
3. *Plight.* State ; condition.
Rent. Separated.

XXV.—MARTIN'S DEN (1)

(FROM *TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS*, BY T. HUGHES)

1. About six weeks after the beginning of the half, as Tom and Arthur were sitting one night before supper beginning their verses, Arthur suddenly stopped, and looked up, and said, "Tom, do you know anything of Martin?"

2. "Yes," said Tom, taking his hand out

of his back hair, and delighted to throw his Latin book on to the sofa, "I know him pretty well. He's a very good fellow, but as mad as a hatter. He's called Madman, you know. And never was such a fellow for getting all sorts of rum things about him. He tamed two snakes last half, and used to carry them about in his pocket, and I'll be bound he's got some hedgehogs and rats in his cupboard now, and no one knows what besides."

3 "We had such a game with him one day last half. He had been kicking up horrid stinks for some time in his study, till, I suppose, some fellow told Mary, and she told the Doctor. Anyhow, one day, a little before dinner, when he came down from the library, the Doctor, instead of going home, came striding into the hall. 'East,' says he, 'just come and show me Martin's study!'

4 "'Oh, here's a game,' whispered the rest of us, and we all cut upstairs after the Doctor, East leading. As we got into the New Row, which was hardly wide enough to hold the Doctor and his gown, click, click, click, we heard in the old Madman's den. Then that stopped all of a sudden, and the bolts went to like fun, the Madman knew East's step, and thought there was going to be a siege."

5 "'It's the Doctor, Martin, he's here and

wants to see you,' sings out East. Then the bolts went back slowly, and the door opened, and there was the old Madman standing, looking precious scared, his jacket off, his shirt sleeves up to his elbows, and his long skinny arms all covered with anchors and arrows, and letters tattooed in with gunpowder like a sailor-boy's, and a stunk fit to knock you down coming out.

6 "'Twas all the Doctor could do to stand his ground, and East and I, who were looking under his arms, held our noses tight. The old magpie was standing on the window-sill, all his feathers drooping, and looking disgusted and half-poisoned.

7. "'What can you be about, Martin?' says the Doctor, 'you really musn't go on in this way—you're a nuisance to the whole passage.' 'Please, sir, I was only mixing up this powder, there isn't any harm in it,' and the Madman seized nervously on his pestle and mortar to show the Doctor the harmlessness of his pursuits, and went on pounding. Click, click, click; he hadn't given six clicks before, puff! up went the whole into a great blaze, away went the pestle and mortar across the study, and back we tumbled into the passage."

2 *So' fa* A couch

3 *The Doctor* Dr Arnold

1 *Siege* An attempt to break into his room

- 5 *Pre'-cious* Very valuable
Scared Frightened
Tat-tood' Pricked into the skin with charcoal or
 other colour
 6 *Dis-gust'-ed* Annoyed, out of patience
 7 *Pes'-tle* A heavy rod used by chemists, etc, for
 pounding up things in a bowl, called a mortar
Pun-swts' Engagements, occupations

XXVI — MARTIN'S DEN (2)

1 "The magpie fluttered down into the court, swearing, and the Madman danced out, howling, with his fingers in his mouth The Doctor caught hold of him, and called to us to fetch some water,

2 "'There, you silly fellow,' said he, quite pleased, though, to find he wasn't much hurt, 'you see you don't know the least what you're doing with all these things, and now, mind, you must give up practising chemistry by yourself'

3 "Then he took hold of his arm and looked at it, and I saw he had to bite his lip, and his eyes twinkled, but he said, quite grave, 'Here, you see, you've been making all these foolish marks on yourself, which you can never get out, and you'll be very sorry for it in a year or two, now come down to the housekeeper's room, and let us see if you are hurt'

4 "And away went the two, and we all stayed and had a regular turn-out of the den, till Martin came back with his hand bandaged and turned us out"

5 The aforesaid Martin had a passion for birds, beasts, and insects, and knew more of them than any one in Rugby—except, perhaps, the Doctor, who knew everything. He was also an experimental chemist on a small scale, and he had made unto himself an electric machine, from which it was his greatest pleasure and glory to administer small shocks to any small boys who were rash enough to venture into his study

6 And this was by no means an adventure free from excitement, for, besides the probability of a snake dropping on to your head or twining lovingly up your leg, or a rat getting into your breeches-pocket in search of food, there was the animal and chemical odour to be faced, which always hung about the den, and the chance of being blown up in some of the many experiments which Martin was always trying, with the most wonderful results in the way of explosions and smells that mortal boy ever heard of.

7. Of course, poor Martin, in consequence of his pursuits, had become an Ishmaelite in the house. In the first place he half-poisoned

his neighbours, and then they, in turn, were always on the look-out to pounce upon any of his numerous live-stock, and drive him frantic by enticing his pet magpie out of his window into a neighbouring study, and making the disreputable old bird drunk on toast sopped in beer and sugar

8 Then Martin, for his sins, inhabited a study looking into a small court some ten feet across, the window of which was completely commanded by those of the studies opposite

9 East and another boy, of an equally tormenting and ingenious turn of mind, now lived exactly opposite, and had expended huge pains and time in the preparation of instruments of annoyance for the benefit of Martin and his live colony. One morning an old basket made its appearance, suspended by a short cord, outside Martin's window, in which were deposited an imitation nest containing four young hungry jackdaws, the pride and glory of Martin's life for the time being, and which he was currently asserted to have hatched upon his own person

5 *A-fôre-said* Mentioned before

Ad-man'-is-ter To give

6 *O'-dow* Smell

7 *Ish'-ma-el-ite* An outcast like Ishmael

En-ti'-ciny Persuading

8. *Dis-rep'-u-ta-ble*. Having an evil name.
 9. *In-gen'-i-ous*. Clever.
Ben'-e-fit. Advantage.
Im-i-ta'-tion nest. Not a real nest, but one made
 by Martin himself.
Cur'-rent-ly. Generally.
As-sert'-ed. Stated.

XXVII.—THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER (1)

(LEWIS CARROLL)

1. The sun was shining on the sea,
 Shining with all his might ;
 He did his very best to make
 The billows smooth and bright—
 And this was odd, because it was
 In the middle of the night.
2. The moon was shining sulkily,
 Because she thought the sun
 Had got no business to be there
 After the day was done.
 “It’s very rude of him,” she said,
 “To come and spoil the fun !”
3. The sea was wet as wet could be,
 The sands were dry as dry.
 You could not see a cloud, because
 No cloud was in the sky ;

No birds were flying overhead-
There were no birds to fly

- 4 The walrus and the carpenter
Were walking hand in hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand.



“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “it *would* be grand!”

- 5 ‘If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the walrus said,
“That they would get it clear?”
“I doubt it,” said the carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear

6. "Oh, oysters, come and walk with us!"

The walrus did beseech ;

"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,

Along the briny beach ;

We cannot do with more than four,

To give a hand to each."

7. The eldest oyster looked at him,

But never a word he said ;

The elder oyster winked his eye,

And shook his heavy head—

Meaning to say he did not choose

To leave the oyster bed.

8. But four young oysters hurried up,

All eager for the treat ;

Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,

Their shoes were clean and neat—

And this was odd, because, you know,

They hadn't any feet.

1. *Bil'-lows.* Waves.

2. *Sulk'-i-ly.* In a bad temper.

4. *Wal'-rus.* A large sea animal.

XXVIII.—MARTIN'S DEN (3)

1. Early in the morning and late at night he was to be seen half out of the window, administering to the varied wants of his callow

brood. After deep cogitation, East and his chum had spliced a knife on to the end of a fishing-rod, and, having watched Martin out, had, after half an hour's severe sawing, cut the string by which the bucket was suspended, and



"EARLY IN THE MORNING AND LATE AT NIGHT HE WAS TO BE SEEN HANGING OUT OF THE WINDOW, ADMINISTERING TO THE VARIOUS WANTS OF HIS CALLOW BROOD"

tumbled it on to the pavement below, with hideous remonstrance from the occupants

2 Poor Martin returned from his short absence, collected the fragments, and replaced his brood (except one whose neck had been broken in the descent) in their old location,

suspending them this time by string and wire twisted together, defiant of any sharp instrument which his persecutors could command

3 But East and his chum had an answer for every move of the adversary, and the next day had mounted a gun, in the shape of a pea-shooter, upon the ledge of their window, pointed so as to bear exactly upon the spot which Martin had to occupy whilst tending his nurslings

4 The moment he began to feed they began to shoot. In vain did the enemy himself invest in a pea-shooter, and endeavour to answer the fire, while he fed the young birds with his other hand. his attention was divided, and his shots flew wild, while every one of theirs told, and drove him into howlings and imprecations. He had been driven to shelter the nest in a corner of his already too well-filled den.

5 His door was barricaded by a set of ingenious bolts of his own invention, for the sieges were frequent by the neighbours, when any unusually bad smell spread itself from the den to the neighbouring studies.

6 The door panels were in a normal state of smash, but the frame of the door resisted all besiegers, and behind it the owner carried on his various pursuits

7 "Open, Martin, old boy—it's only I, Tom Brown." "Oh, very well, stop a moment"

One bolt went back "You're sure East isn't there?" "No, no, hang it, open" Tom gave a kick, the other bolt creaked, and he entered the den

8 Den indeed it was, about five feet six inches long, by five wide, and seven feet high. About six tattered school-books occupied the top shelves. The other shelves, where they had not been cut away, and used by the owner for other purposes, were fitted up for the abiding places of birds, beasts, and reptiles.

9 There was no attempt at carpet or curtain. The table was entirely occupied by the great work of Martin, the electric machine, which was carefully covered with the remains of the table-cloth. The jackdaw cage occupied one wall, and the other was adorned by a small hatchet, a pair of climbing irons, and his tin candle-box, in which he was, for the time being, endeavouring to raise a hopeful young family of field-mice.

10 As nothing should be let to lie useless, it was well that the candle-box was thus occupied, for candles Martin never had. A pound was issued to him weekly, as to the other boys, but as candles were available capital, and easily exchangeable for birds' eggs or young birds, Martin's pound invariably found its way, in a few hours, to a bird-fancier's, who would give a hawk's or nightingale's egg or a young linnet in exchange. Martin's ingenuity was therefore

for ever on the rack to supply himself with light; just now he had hit upon a grand invention, and the den was lighted by a flaring cotton wick issuing from a ginger-beer bottle full of some vile-smelling composition.

11. When light altogether failed him, Martin would loaf about by the fires in the passages or hall, and try to do his verses or learn lines by firelight. He was therefore delighted when Tom invited him to come into his study to prepare lessons with himself and Arthur.

1. *Va'-ried.* Of different kinds.
Cul'-low. Unfledged
Cog-i-tu'-tion. Thought.
Hid'-e-ous. Miserably noisy.
2. *De-scent'* Fall.
Lo-ca'-tion. Place.
Per'-se-cu-tors. Tormentors.
3. *Ad'-ver-sa-ry.* Enemy; foe.
4. *Im-pre-ca'-tions* Curses.
5. *Bar-ri-ca'-ded* Securely fastened.
10. *A-vail'-a-ble.* Usable.
Cup'-i-tul. That which can be exchanged for other goods.
In-vu'-ri-ab-ly. Always.

XXIX.—BIRDS'-NESTING

(FROM *TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS*, BY T. HUGHES)

1. When they came in sight of the wood, Martin pulled up to point out the position of

the nest "Oh, come on, don't let us stop," said Arthur, who was getting excited at the sight of the wood, so they broke into a trot again and were soon across the brook, up the slope and into the Spinney. Here they advanced as noiselessly as possible, lest keepers or other enemies should be about, and stopped at the foot of a tall fir, at the top of which Martin pointed out with pride the kestrel's nest, the object of their search.



"UP THE SLOPE AND INTO THE SPINNEY."

2 Now came the tug of war. It was a very difficult tree to climb until the branches were reached, the first of which was some fourteen feet up, for the trunk was too thick at the bottom to be swarmed, in fact, neither of the boys could reach more than half round it with their arms.

3 Martin and Tom, both of whom had climbing irons on, tried it without success at first, the fir bark broke away where they stuck the irons in, as soon as they leant any weight on their feet, and the grip of their arms wasn't enough to keep them up, so after getting up three or four feet, down they came, slithering to the ground, barking their arms and faces. They were furious, and East sat by laughing, and shouting at each failure, "Two to one on the old magpie!"

4 "We must try a pyramid," said Tom at last. "Now, Scud, you lazy rascal, stick yourself against the tree!" "I daresay!" and have you standing on my shoulders with the irons on, what do you think my skin is made of?" However, up he got, and leant against the tree, putting his head down and clasping it with his arms as far as he could.

5. "Now, then, Madman," said Tom, "you next." "I'm lighter than you, you go next." So Tom got on East's shoulders, and grasped the tree above, and then Martin scrambled up on to Tom's shoulders, amidst the totterings and groanings of the pyramid, and with a spring which sent his supporters howling to the ground, clasped the tree some ten feet up, and remained clinging.

6. For a moment or two they thought he

couldn't get up, but then, holding on with arms and teeth, he worked first one iron, then the other, firmly into the bark, got another grip with his arms, and in another minute had hold of the lowest branch "All up with the old magpie now," said East, and, after a minute's rest, up went Martin, hand over hand, watched by Arthur with fearful eagerness

7 "Isn't it very dangerous?" said he "Not a bit," answered Tom. "You can't hurt if you only get good hand-hold Try every branch with a good pull before you trust it, and then up you go" Martin was now amongst the small branches close up to the nest, and away dashed the old bird, and soared up above the trees, watching the intruder

8 "All right — four eggs!" shouted he "Take 'em all," shouted East, "that'll be one apiece" "No, no! leave one, and then she won't care," said Tom We boys had an idea that birds couldn't count, and were quite content as long as you left one egg I hope it is so Martin carefully put one egg into each of his boxes, and the third into his mouth, the only other place of safety, and came down like a lamplighter

9 All went well until he was within ten feet of the ground, when as the trunk enlarged, his hold got less and less firm, and at last down

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he came with a run, tumbling on to his back on the turf, spluttering and spitting out the remains of the great egg, which had broken by the jar of his fall. "Ugh, ugh! something to drink—ugh! it was addled," spluttered he, while the wood rang again with the merry laughter of East and Tom.

1. *Spin'-ney*. A small wood.
Kes'-trel. A kind of hawk.
3. *Slith'-er-ing*. Slipping.
Bark'-ing. Rubbing off the skin.
4. *Pyn'-a-mil*. A solid rising to a point from a square base. Here, one boy standing upon the shoulder of another.
5. *Scram'-bled*. Climbed.
6. *Ea'-ger-ness*. Anxiety.
7. *Soared*. Flew.
In-tru'-der. One coming in without being asked.
9. *Ad'-dled*. Rotten.

XXX.—THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER (2)

1. Four other oysters followed then,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves
And scrambling to the shore.

- 2 The walrus and the carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low,
And all the little oysters stood
And waited in a row



- 3 “The time has come,” the walrus said,
“To talk of many things
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings”
- 4 “But wait a bit,” the oysters cried,
“Before we have our chat ,

For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat ! ”

“ No hurry,” said the carpenter—
They thanked him much for that

5 A loaf of bread,” the walrus said,
“ Is what we chiefly need,
Pepper and vinegar, besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you’re ready, oysters dear,
We can begin to feed ”

6 “ But not on us ! ” the oysters cried,
Turning a little blue,
“ After such kindness that would be
A dismal thing to do ! ”
“ The night is fine,” the walrus said,
“ Do you admire the view ?

7 “ It was so kind of you to come !
And you are very nice ! ”
The carpenter said nothing, but
“ Cut us another slice ,
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I’ve had to ask you twice ! ”

8 “ It seems a shame,” the walrus said,
“ To play them such a trick,
After we’ve brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick ! ”

The carpenter said nothing, but
 "The butter's spread too thick!"

9 "I weep for you," the walrus said
 "I deeply sympathise"
 With sobs and tears he sorted out
 Those of the largest size,



Holding his pocket handkerchief
 Before his streaming eyes

10 "O oysters," said the carpenter,
 "You've had a pleasant run!
 Shall we be trotting home again?"
 But answer came there none—
 And this was scarcely odd, because
 They'd eaten every one

- 1 *Scram'-bling* Running hurriedly and awkwardly
 6 *Dis'-mal* Miserable
 9 *Sym'-pa thise* Pity
 Stream'-ing eyes Eyes overflowing with tears

XXXI — THE FLAX (1)

(HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN)

The First Change

1 The flax was in full bloom, it had pretty little blue flowers, delicate as the wings of a moth, or even more so. The sun shone and the showers watered it, and this was just as good for the flax as it is for little children to be washed and then kissed by their mother. They look prettier for it, and so did the flax.

2 "People say that I look exceedingly well," said the flax, "and that I am so fine and long that I shall make a beautiful piece of linen. How fortunate I am, it makes me so happy, it is such a pleasant thing to know that something can be made of me. How the sunshine cheers me, and how sweet and refreshing is the rain, my happiness overpowers me, no one in the world can feel happier than I am."

3. "Ah, yes, no doubt," said the fern, "but you do not know the world yet as well as I do,

for my sticks are knotty", and then it sung quite mournfully—

“ Snip, snip, snap,
Here's a mishap
The song is ended ”

4 “No, it is not ended,” said the flax “To-morrow the sun will shine, or the rain will descend I feel that I am growing I feel that I am in full blossom I am the happiest of all creatures ’

5 Well, one day some people came, who took hold of the flax and pulled it up by the roots—this was painful, then it was laid in water as if they intended to drown it, and after that it was placed near a fire as if it were to be roasted All this was very shocking “We cannot expect to be happy always,” said the flax, “by experiencing evil as well as good we become wise ”

6 And certainly there was plenty of evil in store for the flax It was steeped, and roasted, and broken, and combed, indeed, it scarcely knew what was done to it At last it was put on the spinning wheel “Whirr, whurr,” went the wheel, so quickly that the flax could not collect its thoughts. “Well, I have been very happy,” he thought, in the midst of his pain, “and must be contented with the past ”

7 And contented he remained till he was put on the loom, and became a beautiful piece of white linen. All the flax, even to the last stalk, was used in making this one piece. "Well, this is quite wonderful, I could not have believed that I should be so favoured by fortune. The fern really was not wrong with its song of

" ' Snip, snip, snap,
Here's a mishap ' "

But the song is not ended yet, I am sure, it is only just beginning.

8 "How wonderful it is that, after all I have suffered, I am made something of at last, I am the luckiest person in the world—so strong and fine, and how white, and what a length! This is something different to being a mere plant and bearing flowers.

9 "Then, I had no attention, nor any water unless it rained, now, I am watched and taken care of. Every morning the maid turns me over, and I have a shower bath from the watering pot every evening. Yes, and the clergyman's wife noticed me, and said I was the best piece of linen in the whole parish. I cannot be happier than I am now."

1 *Del'-ic-ate* Delightful, charming, soft, tender

5 *Ex pe'-ri-en-cing* Feeling, gaining knowledge of (by trial)

XXXII—THE FLAX (2)**The Second Change**

1. After some time the linen was taken into the house, placed under the scissors, and cut and torn into pieces, and then pricked with needles. This certainly was not pleasant, but at last it was made into twelve garments. "See! now, then," said the flax, "I have become something of importance. This was my destiny, it is quite a blessing. Now I shall be of some use in the world, as every one ought to be, it is the only way to be happy. I am now divided into twelve pieces, and yet we are all one and the same in the whole dozen. It is most extraordinary good fortune."

2 Years passed away, and at last the linen was so worn it could scarcely hold together. "It must end very soon," said the pieces to each other; "we would gladly have held together a little longer, but it is useless to expect impossibilities."

3 And at length they fell into rags and tatters, and thought it was all over with them, for they were torn to shreds, and steeped in water, and made into a pulp, and dried, and they knew not what besides, till all at once they found themselves beautiful white paper. "Well, now, this

is a surprise,—a glorious surprise, too !” said the paper “I am now finer than ever, and I shall be written upon, and who can tell what fine things I may have written upon me This is wonderful luck !”

4 And sure enough the most beautiful stories and poetry were written upon it, and only once there was a blot, which was very fortunate Then people heard the stories and poetry read, and it made them wiser and better, for all that was written had a good and sensible meaning, and a great blessing was contained in the words on this paper

5 “I never imagined anything like this,” said the paper, “when I was only a little blue flower, growing in the fields How could I fancy that I should ever be the means of bringing knowledge and joy to men? I cannot understand it myself, and yet it is really so Heaven knows that I have done nothing myself but what I was obliged to do with my weak powers for my own preservation, and yet I have been promoted from one joy and honour to another Each time I think that the song is ended, and then something higher and better begins for me I suppose now I shall be sent on my travels about the world, so that people may read me It cannot be otherwise, indeed, it is more than probable, for I have more splendid thoughts

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written upon me than I had pretty flowers in olden times. I am happier than ever."

6. But the paper did not go on its travels; it was sent to the printer, and all the words written upon it were set up in type, to make a book; or, rather, many hundreds of books; for so many more persons could derive pleasure and profit from a printed book than from the written paper; and if the paper had been sent about the world, it would have been worn out before it had got half through its journey.

7. "This is certainly the wisest plan," said the written paper; "I really did not think of that. I shall remain at home, and be held in honour, like some old grandfather, as I really am to all these new books. They will do some good. I could not have wandered about as they do. Yet he who wrote all this has looked at me as every word flowed from his pen upon my surface. I am the most honoured of all."

1. *Des'-tin-y.* Fate; appointed future; unavoidable lot.

2. *Im-poss-i-bil'-i-ties.* Things that cannot be done.

5. *Im-ag'-ined.* Thought of.

Pres-er-va'-tion. Keeping safe.

Pro-mot'-ed. Advanced; raised to higher rank or honour.

XXXIII—THE FLAX (3)**The Third Change**

1 Then the paper was tied in a bundle with other papers, and thrown into a tub that stood in the washhouse

2 “After work, it is well to rest,” said the paper, “and a very good opportunity to collect one’s thoughts. Now I am able, for the first time, to think of my real condition, and to know one’s self is true progress. What will be done with me now, I wonder? No doubt I shall still go forward. I have always progressed hitherto, as I know quite well.”

3 Now it happened one day that all the paper in the tub was taken out, and laid on the hearth to be burnt. People said it could not be sold at the shop, to wrap up butter and sugar, because it had been written upon. The children in the house sat down before the fire, for they wanted to see the paper burn, because it flamed up so prettily, and afterwards, among the ashes, so many red sparks could be seen running one after the other, here and there, as quick as the wind.

4. They called it seeing the children come out of school, and the last spark was the school-master. They often thought the last spark

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had come, and one would cry, "There goes the schoolmaster," but the next moment another spark would appear, shining so beautifully. How they would like to know where the sparks all went to! Perhaps we shall find out some day, but we don't know now.



5 The whole bundle of paper had been placed on the fire, and was soon alight. "Ugh," cried the paper, as it burst into a bright flame, "ugh." It was certainly not very pleasant to be burning; but when the whole was wrapped in flames, the flames mounted up into the air, higher than the

flax had ever been able to raise its little blue flower, and they glistened as the white linen never could have glistened. All the written letters became quite red in a moment, and all the words and thoughts turned to fire.

6 "Now, I am mounting straight up to the sun," said a voice in the flames, and it was as if a thousand voices echoed the words, and the flames darted up through the chimney, and went out at the top. Then a number of tiny beings, as many in number as the flowers on the flax had been, and invisible to mortal eyes, floated above them.

7 They were even lighter and more delicate than the flowers from which they were born, and as the flames were extinguished, and nothing remained of the paper but black ashes, these little beings danced upon it; and whenever they touched it, bright red sparks appeared.

8 "The children are all out of school, and the schoolmaster was the last of all," said the children. It was good fun, and they sang over the dead ashes,—

"Snip, snip, snap,
Here's a mishap
The song is ended"

9. But the little invisible beings said, "The song is never ended, the most beautiful is yet to come."

10 But the children could neither hear nor understand this, nor should they, for children must not know everything

5 *Glas'-tened* Shone brightly

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XXXIV.—WILLOW THE KING

(A BATTING SONG, BY E E BOWEN)

- 1 Willow the King is a monarch grand,
Three in a row his courtiers stand;
Every day when the sun shines bright
The walls of his palace are painted white,
And all the company bow their backs
To the King with his collar of cobbler's wax
Soho! soho! may the courtiers sing
Honour and life to Willow the King!
- 2 Willow, King Willow, thy guard hold tight!
Trouble is coming before the night,
Hopping and galloping, short and strong,
Comes the Leathery Duke along,
And down the palaces tumble fast
When once the Leathery Duke gets past
Soho! soho! may the courtiers sing
Honour and life to Willow the King!
- 3 "Who is this," King Willow he swore,
"Hops like that to a gentleman's door?"

Who's afraid of a Duke like him ?
Fiddle-de-dee," says the monarch slim ,
" What do you say, my courtiers three ? "
And the courtiers all said " Fiddle-de-dee ! "
Soho ! soho ! may the courtiers sing
Honour and life to Willow the King '

- 4 Willow the King stood forward bold,
Three good feet from his castle-hold ,
Willow the King stepped back so light,
Skumished gay to the left and right ,
But the Duke rushed by with a leap and a
fling—

" Bless my soul ! " says Willow the King
Soho ! soho ! may the courtiers sing
Honour and life to Willow the King '

- 5 Crash the palaces, sad to see ,
Crash and tumble the courtiers three !
Each one lays, in his fear and dread,
Down on the grass his respected head ,
Each one kicks, as he downward goes,
Up in the air his respected toes
Soho ! soho ! may the courtiers sing
Honour and life to Willow the King !

- 6 But the Leathery Duke, he jumped so high,
Jumped till he almost touched the sky ,

“ A fig for King Willow ! ” he boasting said ,
 “ Carry this gentleman off to bed ! ”

So they put him to bed in the green-baize tree
 Soho ! soho ! may the courtiers sing
 Honour and life to Willow the King !

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7 “ What of the Duke ? ” you ask anon ,
 “ Where has his Leathery Highness gone ? ”
 Oh, he is filled with air inside !
 Either it’s air, or else it’s pride—
 And he swells and swells as light as a drum,
 And they kick him about till Christmas
 come

Soho ! soho ! may the courtiers sing
 Honour and life to Willow the King !

- 1 *Wil'-low* The wood of which cricket bats are made
Count'-ners Attendants Here, the three wickets
Pal'-ace Residence of a king
 4 *Skw'-mshed* Fought irregularly Here, hit out

XXXV.—HOW THE ROMANS CONQUERED BRITAIN (1)

(PROFESSOR FREEMAN)

1 The first people who lived in the Isle of
 Britain of whom we really know anything were
 the Celts, that is to say, the Irish and the Welsh.

and the first people of whom we know anything in that part of the island which is called England were the Welsh or Britons. But we know very little of the times when the Welsh lived in Britain as their own land, before the Romans conquered them.

2 There are a great many strange stories told about their history, but nothing was written about these things till hundreds of years after the times when they were said to have happened. Therefore we cannot really believe anything that is told us about them.

3 The time when we first begin really to know anything about Britain is between fifty and sixty years before the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. At that time the greatest people in the world were the Romans. These were originally the people of the city of Rome in Italy.

4 They could not build such fine temples, or carve such beautiful statues, or make such eloquent speeches and poems as the Greeks could, but they were the best soldiers and the wisest law-makers that the world ever saw. Thus they were able gradually to conquer, first all Italy, and then nearly all the world that they knew of, that is, all the countries round about the Mediterranean Sea.

5 The people of Italy they gradually admitted to the same rights as themselves, so that at the

time of which I am speaking every Italian was reckoned as a Roman ; but the lands out of Italy they made into *Provinces*, and the people of those lands were their subjects. There was no King in Rome, but the people of the Provinces had to obey the laws made by the Senate and People of Rome, and were governed by the magistrates whom the Romans sent to rule over them.

6. At this time the Roman governor in Gaul—that is, roughly, the country that we now know as France and Belgium—was named Caius Julius Cæsar. He is one of the most famous men in the whole history of the world. In many things he was a very bad man, and he thought more of his own greatness than of the good of his country ; but there was much in him which made men love him, and as a soldier and a ruler hardly any man has ever been greater.

7. Before his time the Roman Province of Gaul was only a small part of the country ; Cæsar gradually conquered all Gaul, and he next wished to conquer Britain also, as it was so near Gaul, with only a narrow arm of the sea between them. He twice came over to Britain with his army, but he only visited the southern part of the island, and he cannot be said to have conquered any part of it.

8. Britain did not become a Roman Province, nor did Cæsar leave any Roman governor or

Roman soldiers behind him Still this coming over of Cæsar to Britain was a very important event From that time Britain became much more known to the rest of the world than it had ever been before

9 Now that Cæsar had conquered all Gaul, parts of Britain could be seen from parts of the Roman dominions And men at Rome often thought and spoke of making Britain a Roman Province as well as Gaul, but it was not till a good many years after Cæsar's time that this was really done

- 4 *Stat'-ue* A figure representing a living being, carved out of marble or bronze
El'-o-quent Well spoken
Med'-i-ter-ra'-ne-an Sea The great sea that stretches between Europe and Africa
5 *Ad-mit'-ted* Received, took into
Reck'-oned Counted, included
Prov'-ince District, territory
Sen'-ate The Roman Parliament
6 *Cai'-us Ju'-lius Cæ'-sar* Born 100 B C, died 44 B C
9 *Do-min'-ions* Districts ruled

XXXVI.—HOW THE ROMANS CONQUERED BRITAIN (2)

1. Augustus, the first of the Roman Emperors and grand-nephew of Caesar, several times spoke of conquering Britain, but he never did it, and

he never really tried to do it His successor, also, said that the Empire was large enough already

2 It was the third Emperor, Caius (who is sometimes called Caligula), who first professed to go and conquer the island of which men had heard so much, but Caius was a very foolish and bad prince, or rather, to speak the truth, he was downright mad

3 He did all sorts of silly things; he gave himself out for a god, and appointed priests to worship him—one of the priests being himself, and another his favourite horse He was so fond of this horse that he was going to make him Consul or chief magistrate of Rome, when happily the horse died

4 You may suppose that such a man was not likely to conquer Britain or to do any other great thing All that he did was to take an army to the coast of Gaul, near the town of Boulogne There he set sail in a ship, but at once came back again

5 The story says that he gave out that he had conquered the Ocean, and ordered his soldiers to fill their helmets with shells and to take them home by way of plunder This was in the year A D 40, ninety-five years after the great Cæsar had first come over to Britain

6 It was in the time of the fourth Emperor,

Claudius, that any part of Britain was first really conquered. Claudius himself came over in the year A D 43, and after him his generals went on with the war. There were then many tribes in Britain under different chiefs, and sometimes



some submitted while others still held out. The British chief who held out the longest and the most bravely was Caradoc.

7 Caradoc and his people withstood the Romans bravely for several years, but at last he was defeated in a great battle, and he and his family were taken prisoners and led to Rome.

When Caradoc saw that great and splendid city, he wondered that men who had such wealth and grandeur at home should come and meddle with him in his poor cottage in Britain

8 He was taken before the Emperor, who received him kindly, and gave him his liberty. The Romans had very often before this put captive kings and generals to death, so that Claudius's kind treatment of Caradoc was really much to his honour

9 After the time of Caradoc the war between the Romans and the Britons went on. Many parts of the island were still not conquered, and in those that were conquered the ill-treatment of the Romans sometimes made the people revolt, that is, they took up arms to try and drive the Romans out of the country

1 *Au-gus'-tus* Born 62 B C , died 14 A D

2 *Ca-lig'-u-la* A nickname given to the Emperor from his habit of wearing a *caliga*, a particular kind of boot

5 *Plun'-der* Property seized in war

6 *Clau'-di-us* Born 9 B C , died 54 A D

Sub-mit'-ted Yielded , gave in to

Ca-rad'-oc This was his native name The Romans called him *Ca-rac'ta-cus*

XXXVII.—HOW THE ROMANS CONQUERED BRITAIN (3)

1 In particular there was one Boadicea, the widow of a king who lived in what is now

Norfolk and Suffolk, who made a great revolt against the Romans in the year 61. The Roman governor was then at the other side of the island, fighting in Anglesey. Boadicea and her people were thus able to defeat the Romans for a while, and to destroy several of the towns where they lived.

2 You will understand that the Romans lived chiefly in towns, while the Britons, like all wild people, kept to the open country. So to attack and destroy the towns was to do the Romans the greatest harm that they could. Boadicea was a brave woman, she stood with a spear in her hand and a gold collar round her neck, and with her long hair streaming down, telling her people to fight well and to avenge all that they had suffered at the hands of the Romans.

3 But though they were successful for a while, they could not stand long against the Roman soldiers, who knew how to fight so much better than they. When the governor came back there was a great battle near London, the Britons were quite defeated, Boadicea killed herself, and so the war in that part of the island came to an end.

4 The man who at last really conquered Britain was Julius Agricola, who was the Roman commander in the island from 78 to 84. He was a good man as well as a brave soldier, and he

did all he could to civilise the people as well as to conquer them. He got farther to the north than any Roman had done before him, and we may say that the Roman dominions now reached up to the line between the Firths of Forth and Clyde in Scotland.

5 If you look at your map, you will see that this is one of the points where the Isle of Britain is narrowest, much narrower than it is in any part of England, and narrower than most parts of Scotland. Along this line Agricola built a chain of forts, that is, a number of small castles, to defend the Roman Province against the wild people in the north of Britain, who were never fully conquered.

6. Thus all Britain, except the northern part of Scotland, was conquered by the Romans, and it remained a Roman Province for more than three hundred years. The land was now ruled by Roman governors, sometimes the Roman Emperors themselves came over into Britain, and sometimes Emperors were chosen by the soldiers in Britain.

7 The Britons soon found that it was better to submit quietly than to try to get rid of a yoke which they could not really cast off. So we may say that the whole country became Roman. Many Romans doubtless came to live in Britain, and many of the Britons tried to make them-

selves as much like Romans as they could. They learned to speak Latin, and to dress and live in the same way that the Romans did.

8 Towns were built all over the country and roads were made from one town to another, for the Romans were amongst the best builders and the best road-makers that ever were in the world.

9 Many remains of Roman walls and other buildings are still found, sometimes in towns which are still inhabited, and sometimes in places which are now deserted. The Romans could not build such beautiful buildings either as the Greeks built before them or as Englishmen and Frenchmen have built since, but for building things which would last no people ever did better.

- 1 *Bo-a-da-ce'-a* She was called *Bodug* by the British
 4 *A-gric'-o-la* Born 37 A D , died 93 A D
Civ'-il-ize To make *civil*, or less barbarous

XXXVIII.—DAME BARBARA

(FROM *IN WAR TIME*, BY J G WHITTIER)

- 1 Up from the meadows, rich with corn,
 Clear in the cool September morn,

- 2 The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland
- 3 Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
- 4 Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde
- 5 On the pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,
- 6 Over the mountain winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,
- 7 Forty flags, with their silver stars,
Forty flags, with their crimson bars
- 8 Flapped in the morning wind the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one
- 9 Up rose old Dame Barbara then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ,
- 10 Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down
- 11 In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet

- 12 Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding a-head
- 13 Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced , the old flag met his sight
- 14 ‘ Halt ! ’ the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
‘ Fire ! ’ out blazed the rifle-blast
- 15 It shivered the window, pane and sash ,
It rent the banner with seam and gash ,
- 16 Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf
- 17 She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will,
- 18 “ Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag ! ” she said
- 19 A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came,
20. The nobler nature within him stirred
To life, at that woman’s deed and word
- 21 “ Who touches a hair on yon gray head
Dies like a dog ! March on ! ” he said

- 22 All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ,
- 23 All day long the free-flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host
- 24 Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well,
- 25 And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night

2 *Fred'-er-ick* Fredericksburgh, a town in Maryland

Ma'-ry-land One of the oldest of the United States

4 *Reb'-el horde* The army of the Southern States of America, which had revolted against the Northern States on account of the latter having declared against slavery The result being the great civil war of 1863-5, ending in the defeat of the Southern, or Slave States

5 *Fall* Autumn ("the fall of the year")

Lee General Lee, the Commander-in-Chief of the Southern forces, born 1810, died 1870

7 *Sil'-ver stars, and crim'-son bars* The "Stars and Stripes," the national flag of America

10 *Hauled* Dragged

11 *Loy'-al* True to the cause of the Northern, or Free States

12 *Stonewall Jackson* A noted Southern general, born 1824, accidentally shot by his men 1863

He obtained his name "Stonewall" by his
bravery at the battle of Bull's Run, in 1861

13 *Slouched* With wide soft brims

23 *Free-flag* The flag of the Northern States, which
had declared for the freedom of the slaves

XXXIX—THE WATER-BABIES (1)

(A FAIRY TALE, BY THE REV CANON KINGSLEY)

Tom and Grimes



ONCE upon a time
there was a little
chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. He
lived in a great town in the North Country,
where there are plenty of chimneys to sweep,
and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his

master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either, and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived.

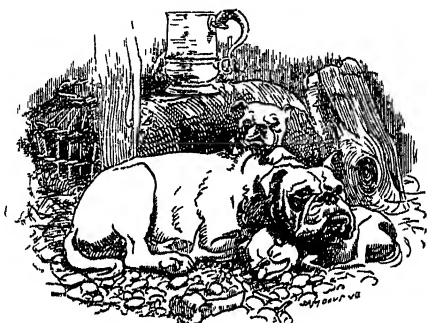
2 He had never been taught to say his prayers. He had never heard of God, or of Christ, except in words I hope you never have heard, and which it would have been well if he had never heard. He cried half his time, and laughed the other half.

3 He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw, and when the soot got into his eyes, which it did every day in the week, and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise.

4 And he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing halfpennies with the other boys, or playing leap-frog over the posts, or bowling stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by, which last was excellent fun, when there was a wall at hand behind which to hide.

5 As for chimney-sweeping, and being hungry and being beaten, he took all that for the way of the world, like the rain and snow and thunder, and stood manfully with his back to it till it was over, as his old donkey did to a hail-storm, and then shook his ears and was as jolly as ever, and thought of the fine times coming, when he would

be a man, and a master sweep, and sit in the public-house with a quart of beer and a long pipe, and play cards for silver money, and wear velvetens and ankle-jacks, and keep a white bull-dog with one gray ear, and carry her puppies in his pocket, just like a man



6 And he would have apprentices, one, two, three, if he could How he would bully them and knock them about, just as his master did him, and make them carry home the soot sacks, while he rode before them on his donkey, with a pipe in his mouth, and a flower in his button-hole, like a king at the head of his army !

7 One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived Tom was just hiding behind a wall to heave a half brick at his horse's legs, as is the custom in that country when they welcome strangers, but the groom saw him and

halloed to him to know where Mr Grimes lived

8 Now Mr Grimes was Tom's master, and Tom was a good man of business, and always civil to customers, so he put the half brick down quietly behind the wall and proceeded to take



orders Mr Grimes was to come up next morning to Sir John Harthover's, at the Hall, for his old chimney-sweep was gone to prison, and the chimneys wanted sweeping And so he rode away, not giving Tom time to ask what the sweep had gone to prison for, which was a matter of interest to Tom, as he had been in prison once or twice himself

9 Moreover, the groom looked so very neat and clean, with his drab gaiters, drab breeches, drab jacket, snow-white tie with a smart pin in it, and clean round ruddy face, that Tom was offended and disgusted at his appearance, and considered him a stuck-up fellow, who gave himself airs because he wore smart clothes, and other people paid for them, and went behind the wall to fetch the half brick after all, but did not, remembering that he had come in the way of business, and was, as it were, under a flag of truce

- 1 *Chim'-ney-sweep* Until about thirty years ago, poor little boys had to climb up chimneys to sweep them
- 3 *Flues* Chimneys
- 4 *Bowl'-ing* Throwing
- 5 *Vel-ret-eens'* Clothes made of velveteen, a hard, coarse kind of velvet
- An'-kle-pucks* Short gaiters or leggings
- 7 *Hul-lor'd'* Shouted
- 8 *Civ'-il* Polite
- 9 *Gait'-ers* Leggings
- Breech'-es* Trousers reaching only to the knees
- Flag of truce* The white flag of peace, under which messengers in war-time are free from attack

XL.—THE WATER-BABIES (2)

Tom goes to sweep the Hall chimneys

1. His master was so delighted at his new customer that he knocked Tom down out of

hand, and drank more beer that night than he usually did in two, in order to be more sure of getting up in time next morning, for the



more a man's head aches when he wakes, the more glad he is to turn out, and have a breath of fresh air

2 Haithover Hall was a really grand place, even for the rich North Country, with a park

full of deer, which Tom believed to be monsters who were in the habit of eating children, with miles of game preserves, in which Mr Grimes and the collier lads poached at times, on which occasions Tom saw pheasants, and wondered what they tasted like, with a noble salmon-river, in which Mr Grimes and his friends would have liked to poach, but then they must have got into cold water, and that they did not like at all

3 In short, Harthover was a grand place, and Sir John a grand old man, whom even Mr Grimes respected, for not only could he send Mr Grimes to prison when he deserved it, as he did once or twice a week, not only did he own all the land round about for miles, not only was he a jolly, honest, sensible squire, who would do what he thought right by his neighbours, but what was more, he weighed full fifteen stone, was nobody knew how many inches round the chest, and could have thrashed Mr Grimes himself in fair fight, which very few folk round there could do

4 So Mr Grimes touched his hat to him when he rode through the town, and thought that that made up for his poaching Sir John's pheasants, whereby you may perceive that Mr Grimes had not been to a properly inspected Government School

5 Now, I daresay, you never got up at

three o'clock on a midsummer morning Some people get up then because they want to go for a holiday, and a great many more because they must, like Tom But I assure you that three o'clock on a midsummer morning is the pleasantest time of all the twenty-four hours, and all the three hundred and sixty-five days ; and why every one does not get up then I never could tell, save that they are all determined to spoil their nerves and their complexions by doing all night what they might just as well do all day

6 But Tom, instead of going out to a dinner at half-past eight at night, and to a ball at ten, and finishing off somewhere between twelve and four, went to bed at seven, when his master went to the public-house, and slept like a dead pig , for which reason he was as lively as a game-cock (who always gets up early to wake the maids), and just ready to get up when the fine gentlemen and ladies were just ready to go to bed

7 So he and his master set out Grimes rode on the donkey in front, and Tom and the brushes walked behind ; out of the court, and up the street, past the closed window shutters, and the winking, weary policemen, and the roofs all shining gray in the gray dawn

8. They passed through the pitmen's village, all shut up and silent now, and through the turnpike gate, and then they were out in the

real country, and plodding along the black, dusty road, between the black slag walls, with no sound but the groaning and thumping of the pit-engine in the next field

9 But soon the road grew white, and the walls likewise, and at the walls' foot grew long grass and gay flowers, all drenched with dew, and



instead of the groaning of the pit-engine, they heard the skylark singing his morning hymn high up in the air, and the pit-bird warbling in the sedges as he had warbled all night long

10 All else was silent For old Mrs. Earth was still fast asleep, and, like many pretty people, she looked still prettier asleep than awake The great elm-trees in the gold-green meadows were fast asleep above, and the cows fast asleep beneath them, nay, the few clouds

which were about were fast asleep likewise, and so tired that they had lain down on the earth to rest, in long white flakes and bars of mist, among the stems of the elm-trees, and along the tops of the alders by the stream, waiting for the sun to bid them rise, and go about their day's business in the clear blue overhead

11 On they went, and Tom looked, and looked, for never had he been so far into the country before, and he longed to get over a gate, and pick buttercups, and look for birds' nests in the hedge, but Mr Grimes was a man of business, and would not have heard of that

- 1 *Aches* Pains
- 2 *Col'-ler* A man who works in a coal-mine
Poached Killed hares, rabbits, and other game unlawfully
Pheas'-ant A beautiful game-bird
Sal'-mon A very choice pink-fleshed freshwater fish of the trout class
- 4 *In-spect'-ed* Examined
- 5 *As-sure* To tell as a fact
Com-plex'-ions Good looks
- 8 *Turn'-pike* The main country road, so called from the toll gates, or turn-pikes, which used to cross them
- 9 *Sedg'-es* Reeds and rushes

XLI—THE WATER-BABIES (3)**Tom and the Irishwoman**

1 Soon they came up with a poor Irishwoman, trudging along with a bundle at her



back. She had a gray shawl over her head, and a crimson petticoat, so you may be sure she came from Galway. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped along as if she were tired and footsore, but she was a very tall, handsome woman, with bright gray eyes and

heavy black hair hanging about her cheeks, and she took Mr Grimes's fancy so much that when he came alongside he called out to her

2 "That is a hard road for a pretty foot like that Will ye up, lass, and ride behind me" But, perhaps she did not admire Mr Grimes's look and voice, for she answered quietly, "No, thank you I'd sooner walk with your little lad here" "You may please yourself," growled Grimes, and went on smoking

3 So she walked beside Tom and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and what he knew, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant spoken woman And she asked him, at last, whether he said his prayers, and seemed sad when he told her that he knew no prayers to say

4 Then he asked her where she lived, and she said far away by the sea And Tom asked her about the sea; and she told him how it rolled and roared over the rocks in winter nights, and lay still in the bright summer days for the children to bathe and play in it, and many a story more, till Tom longed to go and see the sea, and bathe in it likewise

5 At last, at the bottom of a hill, they came to a spring, which rose out of a low cave of rock, at the foot of a limestone crag, bubbling and gurgling, so clear that you could

not tell where the water ended and the air began, and ran away under the road, a stream large enough to turn a mill

6 And there Grimes stopped and looked, and Tom looked too Tom was wondering whether anything lived in that dark cave, and came out at night to fly in the meadows But Grimes was not wondering at all Without a word he got off his donkey, and clambered over the low road wall, and knelt down, and began dipping his ugly head into the spring, and very dirty he made it

7. Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could The Irishwoman helped him, and showed him how to tie them up, and a very pretty nosegay they had made between them But when he saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped, quite astonished, and when Grimes had finished, and began shaking his ears to dry them, he said "Why, master, I never saw you do that before"

8 "Nor will I do it again, most likely 'Twasn't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness I'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any smutty collier lad" "I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom, "it must be as good as putting it under the town-pump, and there is no beadle here to drive a chap away"

9 "Thou come along," said Grimes, "what dost want with washing thyself? Thou did not drink half a gallon of beer last night like me" "I don't care for you," said naughty Tom, and ran down to the stream, and began washing his face

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- 1 *Trudg'-ing* Walking wearily
- Crim'-son* A dark red colour
- Gal'-way* A county in the west of Ireland
- 5 *Crag* A rock
- Gur'-gling* With a bubbling sound
- 6 *Clam'-bered* Climbed
- 7 *Nose'-gay* A bunch of flowers
- 8 *Smut'-ty* Dirty
- Bea'-dle* A vestry officer, who used sometimes to
act as a policeman

XLII—THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING

(MACKAY)

- 1 There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming,
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming
 Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger,
 We'll win our battle by its aid—
 Wait a little longer

- 2 There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And right, not might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger,
The proper impulse has been given—
Wait a little longer
- 3 There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger,
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—
Wait a little longer
- 4 There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger,
"Twill be strong enough one day—
Wait a little longer

- 1 *Glas'-ten* Shine
Ray Brightness
Wear'-on An instrument to fight with
- 2 *Su-per-sede* Take the place of
The pen shall supersede the sword Persuasion shall
take the place of war
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind The wisest
men, and not the best born, shall have the power
Ac-know'-ledged Confessed
Im'-pulse A moving force
- 3 *In-i'-qui-ty* Wrong
Slaugh'-ter Kill
- 4 *Aid* Help

XLIII — THE WATER-BABIES (4)

Tom at the Hall

1 Grimes was very sulky because the woman preferred Tom's company to his, so he dashed at him with horrid words, and tore him up from his knees, and began beating him. But Tom was accustomed to that, and got his head safe between Mr Grimes's legs, and kicked his shins with all his might. "Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irishwoman over the wall.

2 Grimes looked up, startled at her knowing his name, but all he answered was, "No, nor never was yet," and went on beating Tom. "True for you. If you ever had been ashamed of yourself you would never have gone over

into Vendale long ago" "What do you know about Vendale?" shouted Grimes, but he left off beating Tom

3 "I know about Vendale, and about you too I was there," said the Irishwoman quietly "You are no Irishwoman by your speech," said Grimes, after many bad words "Never mind who I am I saw what I saw, and if you strike that boy again I can tell what I know" Grimes seemed quite cowed, and got on his donkey without another word

4 "Stop!" said the Irishwoman "I have one more word for you both, for you will both see me again before all is over Those who wish to be clean, clean they will be, and those who wish to be foul, foul they will be Remember" And she turned away through a gate into the meadow. Grimes stood still a moment like a man who had been stunned Then he rushed after her, shouting, "You come back" But when he got into the meadow the woman was not there

5 Had she hidden away? There was no place to hide in But Grimes looked about and Tom also, for he was as puzzled as Grimes himself at her disappearing so suddenly, but look as they would, she was not there Grimes came back again, as silent as a post, for he was a little frightened, and, getting on his

donkey, filled a fresh pipe and smoked away, leaving Tom in peace until they came to Sir John's lodge-gates



6 When they reached the Hall the house-keeper turned them into a grand room all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin, in a lofty and tremendous voice, and so after a whimper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up

the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture

7 How many chimneys Tom swept I cannot say, but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too. So Tom fairly lost his way in the crooked chimneys, not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is underground, but at last coming down, as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthrug in a room the like of which he had never seen before

8 The room was all dressed in white. The carpet was all over gay little flowers, and the walls were hung with pictures on gilt frames, which amused Tom much. The two pictures which amused Tom most were, one a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hands upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's bedroom. For he could see it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about

9 The other picture was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom much. "Poor man," thought Tom, "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a sad picture as that in her room? Per-

haps he was some kinsman of hers who had been murdered by the savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance" And Tom felt sad and awed, and burned to look at something else

- 3 *Cowed* Frightened
 5 *Lodge-gates* The gates near the cottage at the
 entrance to a park
 6 *Tie-men'-dous* Very large
 Whim'-per A whining cry
 9 *Sav'-a-ges* Uncivilised people
 Awed Terrified

XLIV.—THE WATER-BABIES (5)

Tom at the Hall—(*continued*)

1 The next thing he saw, and that too puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with ewers, and basins, and soap and brushes, and towels, and a large bath full of clean water—what a heap of things all for washing! "She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "by my master's rule, to want so much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt out of the way so well afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels"

2 And then, looking toward the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment. Under the snow-white coverlet,

upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about the bed.

3 She might have been as old as Tom



maybe, or a year or two older ; but Tom did not think so. He only thought of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she was a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her, as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

4 “No, she cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty,” thought Tom to himself And then he thought, “And are all people like that when they are washed ” And he looked at his own wrist and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered whether it ever would come off “Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her ” And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and funny white teeth He turned on it angrily What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady’s room ? And behold it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before

5 And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty, and burst into tears with shame and anger, and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, and upset the fender and threw the fire-irons down, with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand dogs’ tails

6 Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and, seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom, likewise made up her mind that he had come to rob, destroy, and burn, and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the

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jacket But she could not hold him He doubled under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment

7 Under the window spread a tree with great leaves and sweet white flowers Down the tree Tom went like a cat, across the garden lawn, and over the iron railings, and up the park towards the wood, leaving the old nurse to scream murder and fire at the window

- 1 *Ew'-er's* Jugs
 4 *Cer'-turn-ly* Truly
 Bleared Watery, red-eyed
 Mu'-ron Looking-glass
 5 *Sneak* Creep away unnoticed

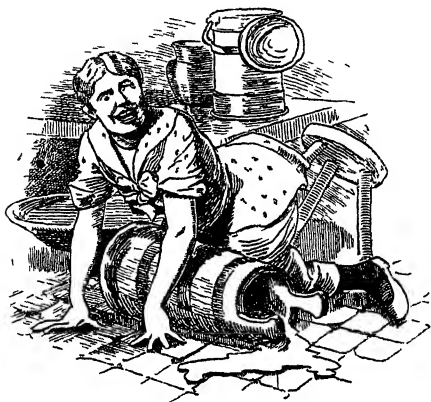
XLV.—THE WATER-BABIES (6)



Tom's Flight

1. The undergardener, mowing, saw Tom, and threw down his scythe, caught his leg in it, and cut his shin open, whereby he kept his bed for a week, but in his hurry he never knew it, and gave chase to poor Tom. The dairymaid heard the

noise, got the churn between her knees, and



tumbled over it, spilling all the cream, and yet she jumped up and gave chase to Tom



2 A groom cleaning Sir John's hack at the stables let him go loose, whereby he kicked him-

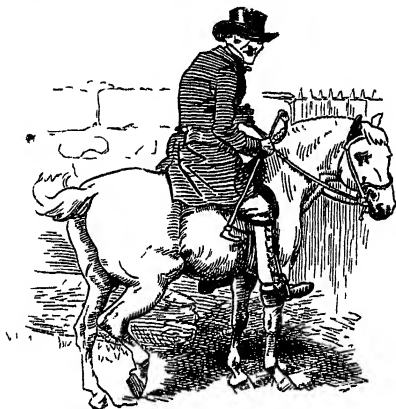
self lame in five minutes, but he ran out and gave chase to Tom. Grimes upset the soot-sack in the new-gravelled yard, and spoilt it all utterly, but he ran out and gave chase to Tom. The old steward opened the park-gate in such



a hurry that he hung up his pony's chin upon the spikes, and, for aught I know, it hangs there still; but he jumped off and gave chase to Tom.

3. The ploughman left his horses at the head-land, and one jumped over the fence, and pulled the other into the ditch, plough and all, but he ran on and gave chase to Tom. The keeper,

who was taking a stoat out of a trap, let the stoat go, and caught his own finger, but he jumped



up and ran after Tom, and, considering what



he said and how he looked, I should have been sorry for Tom if he had caught him

4. Sir John looked out of his study window (for he was an early old gentleman), and up at the nurse, and a marten dropped mud in his eye, so that he had at last to send for the doctor, and yet he ran out and gave chase to Tom. The Irishwoman, too, was walking up to the



house to beg—she must have got round by some bye-way—but she threw away her bundle, and gave chase to Tom likewise

5. Only my lady did not give chase, for, when she had put her head out of the window, her night-wig fell into the garden, and she had to ring up her lady's maid, and send her down for it privately, which quite put her out of the running

6 In a word, never was there heard at the Hall such a noise, row, hubbub, and babel as that day, when Grimes, gardener, the groom, the



dairymaid, Sir John, the steward, the ploughman, the keeper, and the Irishwoman all ran up the park shouting "Stop thief!" in the belief that Tom had at least a thousand pounds' worth

of jewels in his empty pockets, and the very magpies and jays followed Tom up, screeking and screaming, as if he were a hunted fox beginning to droop his brush

7 When poor Tom got into the wood he lost himself, and I don't think he would ever have got out at all, but have stayed there till the cock-robins covered him with leaves, if he had not suddenly run his head against a wall. Now running your head is not pleasant, especially if it is a loose wall, with stones all set on edge, and a sharp one hits you between the eyes, and makes you see all manner of beautiful stars.

8 The stars are very beautiful, certainly, but unfortunately they go in the twenty-thousandth part of a split second, and the pain which comes after them does not. And so Tom hurt his head, but though he was only ten years old he was a brave boy, and he did not mind a penny. He guessed that over the wall the wood would end; and up it he went and over like a squirrel, and only the Irishwoman knew which way he went, for she quietly followed him all the way

1 *Scythe* A long knife used for mowing grass, corn, etc

2 *Grav'-elled* Covered with gravel

Stew'-ard. The manager of the estate

3 *Stout* A variety of weasel

4	<i>Mar'-ten</i>	A kind of swallow
6	<i>Hub'-bub</i>	Noise , confusion
	<i>Jew'-els</i>	Precious stones
	<i>Screech'-ing</i>	Screeching
	<i>Brush</i>	A fox's tail

XLVI.—THE ENCHANTED SHIRT

(COLONEL HAY)

- 1 The king was sick His cheek was red,
 And his eye was clear and bright ,
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
 And peacefully snored at night
- 2 But he said he was sick, and a king should
 know ,
 And doctors came by the score
They did not cure him He cut off their
 heads,
 And sent to the schools for more
- 3 At last two famous doctors came,
 And one was as poor as a rat—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
 And never found time to grow fat
4. The other had never looked in a book ,
 His patients gave him no trouble ,
If they recovered they paid him well,
 If they died their heirs paid double.

5 Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the king on his couch reclined,
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find

6 'The old sage said, ' You're as sound as a
nut "

" Hang him up," roared the king in a
gale—

In a ten-knot gale of royal rage,
The other leech grew a shade pale

7 But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran—
*The king shall be well if he sleeps one night
In the shirt of a happy man*

8. Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast then horses ran,
And many they saw, and to many they
spoke,
But they found no happy man.

9. At last they came to a village gate,
A beggar lay whistling there,
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and
rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

- 10 The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay,
And one of them said, "Heaven save you,
friend !
You seem to be happy to-day "
- 11 " O yes, fan sirs, ' the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad ,
" An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad "
- 12 " This is our man," the courier said,
" Our luck has led us aright ,
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night "
- 13 The meriy blackguard lay back on the grass
And laughed till his face was black ,
" I would do it, God wot," and he roared
with the fun,
" But I haven't a shirt to my back "
- 14 Each day to the king the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes
15. And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom,

He opened his windows and let in the air
Of the free heaven into his room

16. And out he went in the world and toiled
In his own appointed way,
And the people blessed him, the land was
glad,
And the king was well and gay

- 1 *Zest* Relish
4 *Hens* Those who obtained the wealth of the
dead persons
5 *Au-gust'* Noble, royal
6 *Sage* Wise man
Gule Storm
Leech Doctor
7 *Pen'-sive-ly* Thoughtfully
Sa-gu'-cious Wise
Pre scrip'-tion Direction, or order for treatment
8 *Realm* Kingdom
Con'-v-ers Messengers
10 *Blithe* Happy
12 *Duc'-at* A silver coin worth about four shillings
13 *Wot* Knows
14 *Pan-o-ra'-ma* Picture
15 *Mal'-a-dies* Illnesses
Hatched Born

XLVII.—THE WATER-BABIES (7)

Tom on the Heath

1. Now Tom was right away into the heather
he could jog along well enough, and find time,
too, to stare about at the strange place, which

was like a new world to him. He saw great spiders there, with crowns and crosses marked on their backs, who sat in the middle of their webs, and, when they saw Tom coming, shook them so fast that they became invisible.



2 Then he saw lizards, brown, gray, and green, and thought they were snakes, and would sting him, but they were as much frightened as he, and shot away into the heath. And then, under a rock, he saw a pretty sight—a great brown, sharp-nosed creature, with a white tag to her brush, and round her four or five

smutty little cubs, the funniest fellows Tom ever saw

3 She lay on her back, rolling about and stretching out her legs and head and tail in the bright sunshine, and the cubs jumped over her and ran round her, and rubbed her paws, and lugged her about by the tail, and she seemed to enjoy it mightily. But one selfish little fellow stole away from the rest to a dead crow close by, and dragged it off to hide it, though it was nearly as big as he was. Whereat all his little brothers set off after him in full cry, and saw Tom, and then all ran back, and up jumped Mrs Vixen, and caught one up in her mouth, and the rest toddled after her, and into a dark crack in the rocks, and there was an end of the show.

4 And now Tom began to get hungry and very thirsty, for he had run a long way, and the sun was high in the heaven, and the rock was as hot as an oven, and the air danced reels over it, as it does over a limekiln, till everything seemed quivering and melting in the glare. Still he went on and on till his head spun round with the heat, and he thought he heard church bells ringing a long way off.

5. "Ah," he thought, "where there is a church will be houses and people, and perhaps some one will give me a bit and a sup." So he

set off again to look for the church, like a brave little man as he was, though he was very foot-sore and tired and hungry and thirsty, while the church bells rang so loud he began to think that they must be inside his own head (and so indeed they were, poor little fellow)

6 Tom saw a woman in a red petticoat weeding in a garden in the valley, a mile off and a thousand feet below, yet she looked so near that it seemed as if he could have chucked a pebble on to her back

7 So down Tom went—first three hundred feet of steep heather, mixed up with loose brown gritstone, as rough as a file, which was not pleasant to his poor little heels, as he came bump, stump, jump down the steep, then three hundred feet of limestone terraces, one below another, as straight as if a carpenter had ruled them with his ruler and then cut them out with his chisel. There was no heath there, but—

8 First, a little grass slope covered with the prettiest flowers, then bump down a two-foot step of limestone; then another bit of grass and flowers. Then bump down a one-foot step, then another bit of grass and flowers for fifty yards, as steep as the house roof, where he had to slide down on his dear little tail. Then another step of stone, ten feet high, and there he had to stop himself and crawl along the edge

to find a crack, for if he had rolled over he would have rolled right into the old woman's garden and frightened her out of her wits

9 Then, when he had found a dark narrow crack full of green-stalked fern, such as hangs in the fern-basket in the drawing-room, and had crawled down through it with knees and elbows, as he would down a chimney, there was another grass slope, and another step, and so on, till—oh, dear me! I wish it was all over, and so did he. And yet he thought he could throw a stone into the old woman's garden

1. *Heath'-er* A low shrub, with purple flowers, that grows on hilly wastes
- In-ns'-a-ble.* That which cannot be seen
- 2 *Li'-ards* Small newt-like reptiles
- 3 *Might'-i-ly* Very much
- 4 *Lime-lun* A place for burning limestone
- 6 *Chucked.* Thrown
- 7 *Ter'-ra-cos.* Land rising in broad steps

XLVIII—THE WATER-BABIES (8)

Tom in Vendale

1 At last he came to a bank of beautiful shrubs, and below them cliff and crag, cliff and crag, while through the shrubs he could see the stream sparkling, and hear it murmur on the pebbles. He did not know that it was three hundred feet below

2 You would have been giddy, perhaps, at looking down, but Tom was not. He was a brave little chimney-sweep, and when he found himself on the top of a high cliff, instead of sitting down and crying for his mother, he said "Ah, this will just suit me!" though he was very tired, and down he went, by stock and stone, sedge and ledge, bush and rush, as if he had been born a jolly little black ape with four hands instead of two.

3 And all this time he never saw the Irish-woman coming down behind him. But he was getting terribly tired now. The perspiration ran out of the ends of his fingers and toes, and washed him cleaner than he had been for a while.

4 But, of course, he dirtied everything terribly as he went. There has been a great black smudge all down the crag ever since. And there have been more black beetles in the little village of Vendale, below, since then than ever before was known,—all, of course, owing to Tom's having blacked the original papa of them all, just as he was setting off to be married with a sky-blue coat and scarlet leggings, as smart as a gardener's dog with a pretty flower in his mouth.

5 At last he got to the bottom. But behold it was not the bottom. For at the foot of the

crag were heaps and heaps of fallen limestone of every size, from that of your head to that of a waggon, with holes between them full of sweet heath-fern, and before Tom got through them, he was out in the bright sunshine again, and then he felt, once for all, suddenly, as people generally do, that he was b-e-a-t, beat

6 You must expect to be beat a few times in your life, little man, if you live such a life as a man ought to live, let you be as strong and healthy as you may, and when you are, if you have not a stout, strong friend by you who is not tired, you had best lie where you are, and wait for better times, as poor Tom did

7 He could not get on The sun was burning, and yet he felt chill all over He was quite empty, and yet he felt quite sick There was but two hundred yards of smooth pasture between him and the cottage, and yet he could not walk down it

8. He lay down on the grass till the beetles ran over him, and the flies settled on his nose I don't know when he would have got up again if the gnats and midges had not taken pity on him But the gnats blew their trumpets so loud in his ear, and the midges nibbled so at his hands and face wherever they could find a place free from soot, that at last he woke up, and stumbled away over a low wall, and into a narrow road, and up to the cottage door

9 And a neat, pretty cottage it was, with
neat clipped hedges all round the garden, and
yews inside to cut into peacocks, and trumpets,
and teapots, and all kinds of queer shapes

- 1 *Mur'-mur* Making a low continual sound
- 3 *Per-spi-ra'-tion* Sweat
- 4 *Smudge* A sooty mark
- O-rig'-in-al* The first
- Scar'-let* A bright red colour
- 8 *Gnats and mud'-ges* Small flies which swarm on
warm summer days
- 9 *Yews* Dark evergreen trees

XLIX —THE WATER-BABIES (9)

Tom in Vendale—(continued)

1 He came slowly up to the open door,
which was all hung round with clematis and
roses, and then peeped in half afraid And
there sat by the empty fireplace, which was
filled with a pot of sweet herbs, the nicest old
woman that ever was seen, in her red petticoat
and short gown, and clean white cap, with a
black silk handkerchief over it, tied under her
chin At her feet sat the grandfather of all the
cats, and opposite her sat, on two benches, twelve
or fourteen neat, rosy, chubby little children,
learning their letters, and gabble enough they
made about it

2 All the children started at Tom's dirty black figure, the girls began to cry, and the boys began to laugh, and all pointed at him rudely enough, but Tom was too tired to care for that "What art thou, and what dost want?" cried the old dame "A chimney-sweep! away with thee! I'll have no sweeps here" "Water," said poor little Tom quite faint "Water? There's plenty in the brook," she said quite sharply

3 "But I can't get there, I'm almost clemmed with hunger and thirst" And Tom sank down upon the doorstep, and laid his head against the post And the old dame looked at him through her spectacles one minute, and two, and three, and then she said, "He's sick, and a bairn's a bairn, sweep or none" "Water," said Tom

4 "God forgive me!" and she put by her spectacles and rose, and came to Tom "Water's bad for thee I'll give thee milk" And she toddled off into the next room and brought a cup of milk and a bit of bread. Tom drank the milk off at one draught, and then looked up revived She then asked him where he came from, and he told her all the truth in a few words "Bless thy little heart! and thou hast not been stealing, then?" "No."

5 "Bless thy little heart! and I'll warrant not. Why, God's guided the bairn because he

was innocent ! Why dost not eat thy bread ? ”
“ I can’t,” said Tom, and he laid his head on his knees and asked, “ Is it Sunday ? ” “ No, then, why should it be ? ” “ Because I hear the church bells ringing so ”

6 “ Bless thy pretty heart ! The bairn’s sick Come wi’ me, and I’ll hap thee up somewhere If thou wert a bit cleaner I’d put thee in my own bed, for the Lord’s sake But come along ” She led him to an outhouse, and put him upon soft sweet hay and an old rug, and bade him sleep off his walk, and she would come to him when school was over in an hour’s time

7 But Tom did not fall asleep Instead of it he turned and tossed and kicked about in the strangest way, and felt so hot all over that he longed to get into the river to cool himself, and then he fell half asleep, and dreamt that he heard the little white lady calling to him “ Oh, you’re so dirty, go and be washed ”, and then he heard the Irishwoman saying “ Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be ”

8 And then he heard the church bells ring so loud, close to him too, that he was sure it must be Sunday, in spite of what the old dame had said, and he would go to church But the people would never let him come in, all over soot and dirt like that He must go to the river and wash first And he said out loud again and

again, though, being half asleep, he did not know it "I must be clean, I must be clean"

9 And all of a sudden he found himself, not in the outhouse on the hay, but in the middle of a meadow over the road, with the stream just before him, saying continually 'I must be clean, I must be clean' He had got there on his own legs, between sleep and awake, as children will often get out of bed, and go about the room, when they are not quite well

- 1 *Clem'-a-tis* A pretty climbing plant
- Herbs* Plants with soft stems
- 3 *Clemmed* Starved
- 4 *Tod'-dled* Walked with difficulty
- Drught* Drink
- 5 *Wan'-rant* Assert, be sure
- Bann* Child
- 6 *Hap* Cover

L—THE OWL CRITIC

(J. FIELDS)

1 A conceited young man, entering a barber's shop, sees an owl standing quite still upon a perch in the corner of the shop, and, thinking it a stuffed bird, he commences finding fault as follows --

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke
in the shop,
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;

The customers, waiting their turns, were all
reading

The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blunted out such a blunt
question,

Not one raised his head, or e'en made a sug-
gestion

And the barber kept on shaving

2 "Don't you see, Mr Brown,"

Cried the youth with a frown,

"How wrong the whole thing is,

How preposterous each wing is,

How flattened the head, how jammed down the
neck is ?

In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck
'tis !

I make no apology,

I've learnt owl-eology,

I've passed days and nights in a hundred col-
lections,

And cannot be blinded to any deflections

Arising from unskilful fingers that fail

To stuff a bird right, from his head to his tail.

Mr Brown, Mr. Brown,

Do take the bird down,

Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock over the
town !"

And the barber kept on shaving

"I've *studied* owls,
 And other night fowls,
 And I tell you
 What I know to be true
 An owl cannot roost
 With his wings so unloosed,
 No owl in the world
 Ever had his claws curled,
 Ever had his legs slanted,
 Ever had his bill canted,
 Ever had his neck screwed
 Into that attitude
 He *can't* do it, because
 'Tis against all bird laws
 An owl has a toe
 That can't turn out so

I've made the white owl my study for years,
 And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !

Mr Brown, I'm amazed
 You should be gone so crazed
 As to put up a bird
 In that posture absurd !

To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness,
 The man who stuffed him doesn't know half his
 business ! "

And the barber kept on shaving

3. "With some sawdust and bark
 I could stuff in the dark

A bird better than that !
 I could make an old hat
 Look more like an owl
 Than that horrid fowl,
 Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse
 leather !
 In fact, about *him* there's not one natural
 feather "

4 Just then, with a wink and a sly normal
 lurch,
 The owl very gravely got down from his
 perch,
 Walked round and regarded his fault-finding
 critic
 (Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance
 analytic,
 And then fairly hooted, as if he would say
 "Your learning's at fault this time, any
 way !
 Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray
 I'm an owl, you're another Sir Critic, good
 day !"

And the barber went on shaving

- 1 *Con-cent'-ed* Vain, proud
Heed'-ing Noticing
Blunt'-ed Said in foolish haste
- 2 *Pre-pos'-ter-ous* Stupidly wrong
Owl-e-ol'-o-gy All about owls

- 2 *De-flec'-trons* Faults
Roost Sleep
Uant'-ed Sloped, inclined
 4 *Nor'-mal lurch* A natural roll to one side
Crut'-u Examiner

LI.—THE WATER-BABIES (10)

Tom becomes a Water-Baby

1 But he was not a bit surprised, and went on to the bank of the brook, and lay down on the grass, and looked into the clear, clear water, with every pebble at the bottom bright and clean, while the little silver trout dashed about in flight at the sight of his black face, and he dipped his hand in and found it so cool, cool, cool, and he said "I will be a fish, I will swim in the water, I must be clean, I must be clean"

2 So he pulled off all his clothes in such haste that he tore some of them, which was easy enough with such ragged old things. And he put his poor, hot, sore feet into the water, and then his legs, and the farther he went in the more the church bells rang in his head. "Ah!" said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself, the bells are ringing quite loud now, and I shall be late"

3. And all the while he never saw the Irish-woman, not behind him this time, but before.

For just before he came to the river-side, she had stept down into the cool, clear water, and her shawl and her petticoat floated off her, and the green water weeds floated round her sides, and the white water-lilies floated round her head, and the fairies of the stream came up from the bottom and bore her away and down upon their arms, for she was the queen of them all

4 "Where have you been?" they asked her "I have been smoothing sick folk's pillows, and whispering sweet dreams into their ears, opening cottage windows to let out the stifling air, coaxing little children away from gutters and foul pools where fever breeds, turning women from the gin-shop door, and staying men's hands as they were going to strike their wives, doing all I can to help those who will not help themselves—and little enough that is

5 "But I have brought you a new little brother, and watched him safe all the way here" Then all the fairies laughed for joy at the thought that they had a little brother coming And their queen floated away But all this, of course, Tom never saw or heard, and perhaps if he had it would have made little difference, for he was so hot and thirsty, and longed so to be clean for once, that he tumbled himself as quick as he could into the clear, cool stream

6 And he had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep, into the quietest, sunniest, cosiest sleep that ever he had in his life, and he dreamt about the green meadows by which he had walked that morning, and the tall elm-trees, and the sleeping cows, and after that he dreamt of nothing at all, for the fairies took him.

- 1 *Trout* A choice freshwater fish
- 3 *Fan'-ies* Imaginary beings, who were supposed to appear to people as human beings, and to perform all kinds of strange tricks
- 4 *Sti'-fling* Suffocating
Chas'-ing Persuading
Gut'-ters The hollow on either side of roads for draining off water
- 6 *Co'-s-iest* Most comfortable

LII.—THE WATER-BABIES (11)

Tom's Body

1. The kind old dame came back at twelve, when school was over, to look at Tom, but there was no Tom there. She looked about for his footprints, but the ground was so hard that there were no marks. So the old dame went in again quiet sulky, thinking that little Tom had tricked her with a false story, and shammed ill, and then run away again.

2 But she altered her mind the next day For when Sir John and the rest of them had run themselves out of breath, and lost Tom, they went back again, looking very foolish And they looked more foolish still when Sir John heard how the chase was all about a poor little black chimney-sweep, who had lost his way, and was crying and sobbing and going to get up the chimney again It was all a mistake

3 So Sir John told Grimes to go home, and promised him five shillings if he would bring the boy quietly up to him without beating him, that he might be sure of the truth For he took it for granted, and Grimes too, that Tom had made his way home But no Tom came back to Mr. Grimes So Mr. Grimes came up to Harthover next day with a very sour face, but when he got there Sir John was over the hills and far away again looking for Tom

4. For good Sir John had slept very badly that night, and he said to his lady "My dear, the boy must have got over into the grouse moors and lost himself, and he lies very heavily on my conscience, poor little lad But I know what I will do" So at five the next morning he got up, and into his bath, and into his shooting-jacket and garters, and into the stable-

yard, like a fine old English gentleman, and bade them bring his shooting pony, and the keeper to come on his pony, and the huntsman, and the first whip, and the second whip, and the under-keeper, with the blood-hound in a



leash—a great dog, as tall as a calf, of the colour of a gravel walk, with mahogany ears and nose, and a throat like a church bell

5. They took him up to the place where Tom had gone into the wood, and there the hound lifted up his mighty voice and told them all he knew. He then led them on first to

the place where Tom climbed the wall, and they shoved it down, and all got through. Then the wise dog took them over the moors, on and on, until he came to the top of the rock down which poor Tom climbed, and there he bayed, and looked up in their faces as much as to say "I tell you he is gone down there." They could hardly believe that Tom had dared to go down that awful cliff, but if the dog said so it must be true.

6 "Who will go over the crag and see if that boy is alive? Oh, that I were twenty years younger, and I would go down myself! Twenty pounds to the man who brings me the boy alive." The little groom-boy who had ridden up the court and told Tom to come to the Hall said

7 "Twenty pounds, or none, I will go down over the crag, if it's only for the poor boy's sake, for he was as civil a spoken little chap as ever climbed a flue." So down the crag he went, but he never saw anything of Tom.

1 *Shammed* Pretended

4 *Grouse* The heath-cock

Con'-science Something within us which tells us
when we do right or wrong

Leash The strap or cord for holding a dog

Ma-hog'-a-ny Dark reddish brown

5 *Bay* To bark

Aw'-ful Terrible

LIII.—THE WATER-BABIES (12)**Tom's Body—(continued)**

1 And all the while Sir John and the rest were riding round full three miles to get into Vendale, and to the foot of the crag. When they reached the old dame's school she came out and all the children with her. Sir John told her he was looking for a lost child—a chimney-sweep that had run away.

2 "Oh, squire, squire," says she, 'ye were always a just man and a merciful, and ye'll no harm the poor little lad if I give you tidings of him?' "Not I, not I, dame. I'm afraid we hunted him out of the house all on a miserable mistake." Whereat the old dame broke out crying, without letting him finish.

3. "So he told me the truth after all, poor little dear! Ah, first thoughts are best, and a body's heart'll guide them right if they will but hearken to it." And then she told Sir John all. "Bring the dog here, and lay him on," said Sir John, without another word, and he set his teeth very hard.

4. And the dog barked at once, and went away at the back of the cottage, over the road, and over the meadow, and through a bit of

alder copse, and there, upon an alder stump, they saw Tom's clothes lying And then they knew as much about it all as there was any need to know

5 And Tom? The fairies had turned him into a water-baby Therefore the keeper, and the groom, and Sir John made a great mistake, and were very unhappy (Sir John at least), without any reason, when they found a black thing in the water, and said it was Tom's body, and that he had been drowned It was only the husk and shell of Tom they found The fairies had washed him so thoroughly that they had washed his sooty old shell quite off him, and the pretty real Tom (his spirit) swam away

6 But good Sir John did not understand all this, and could only think of poor Tom as drowned When they looked into the empty pockets of his shell and found no jewels there, nor money—nothing but three marbles and a brass button with a string to it—then Sir John cried; and they all cried except the keeper, who was so dried up with running after poachers that you could no more get tears out of him than milk out of leather, and Grimes did not cry, for Sir John gave him ten pounds, and he drank it all in a week And soon my lady put a pretty tombstone over Tom's

shell in the little churchyard in Vendale, and
the old dame decked it with flowers

2 *Where-at* At which
6 *Decked it* Made it pretty

LIV —THE STREET OF BY-AND-BYE

(MRS ABLDY)

- 1 Oh, shun the spot, my youthful friends, I
urge you to beware !
Beguiling is the pleasant way, and softly
breathes the air ,
Yet none have ever passed to scenes ennobling,
great, and high,
Who once began to linger in the street of
By-and-Bye
- 2 How varied are the images arising to my
sight,
(Of those who wished to shun the wrong,
who lived and prized the right !
Yet from the silken bonds of sloth they
vainly strove to fly,
Which held them gently prisoned in the
street of By-and-Bye.
- 3 A youth aspired to climb the height of
Learning's lofty hill,

What dimmed his bright intelligence ? what
quelled his earnest will ?

Why did the object of his quest still mock
his wistful eye ?

Too long, alas ! he tarried in the street of
By-and-Bye

4 “ My projects thrive,” the merchant said ,
“ When doubled is my store,

How freely shall my ready gold be showered
amongst the poor ! ”

Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not the
mourner’s tear to dry ,

He never journeyed onward from the street
of By-and-Bye

5 “ Forgive thy erring brother, he has wept
and suffered long ! ”

I said to one who answered, “ He hath done
me grievous wrong ,

Yet will I seek my brother, and forgive him
ere I die,”

Alas ! death shortly found him in the street
of By-and-Bye

6 The wearied worldling mused upon his lost
and wasted days,

Resolved to turn HEREAFTER from the error
 of his ways ,
 To lift his grovelling thoughts from earth,
 and fix them on the sky—
 Why does he linger fondly in the street of
 By-and-Bye ?

7 Then shun the spot, my youthful friends,
 work on while yet you may ,
 Let not old age o'ertake you as you sloth-
 fully delay,
 Lest you should gaze around you, and dis-
 cover with a sigh
 You have reached the house of " NEVER " by
 the street of " By-and-Bye "

1 *Shun* Keep away from
Be-guil'-ing Tempting

2 *Sloth* Idleness

3. *As-pired* Wished
In-tel'-ig-ence Knowledge
Quelled Conquered
Quest Search

Tar'-ried Stayed.

4 *Pro'-ject* Plans or schemes

5 *Er'-ring* Wandering Here, offending
Griev'-ous Serious, great

6. *World'-ling* One giving himself up entirely to
 pleasure

Mu'-ses Thanks

Grov'-el-ling Low , mean

LV —THE WATER-BABIES (13)

Tom sets out to find Grimes

[Tom is turned into a water baby, and two good faeries, M^{rs} Be done-by as you-did and M^{rs} Do-as-you would-be-done-by, teach him to forgive his cruel master, so that when he hears Grimes is in trouble he wants to go in search of him]

1 “ Ah ! ” said the fairy, “ that is a brave, good boy But you must go farther than the world’s end if you want to find Mr Grimes, for he is at the Other-end-of-nowhere You must go to Shiny Wall, and through the white gate that never was opened, and then you will come to Peacepool and Mother Carey’s Haven, where the good whales go when they die And there Mother Carey will tell you the way to the Other-end-of-nowhere, and there you will find M^r Grimes ”

2 After much wandering, and many strange adventures, during which he found a beautiful little dog, he came at last to the Isle of the Tomtoddies, all heads and no bodies And when Tom came near it, he heard such a grumbling, and grunting, and growling, and wailing, and weeping, that he thought people must be drowning kittens, but when he came nearer still he began to hear words among the noise, which was the Tomtoddies’ song which they sing morning and

•

evening, and all night, too, to their great idol Examination

3 ‘ I can’t learn my lesson, the examiner s coming ! ’ And that was the only song they knew And when Tom got on shore the first thing he saw was a great pillar, on one side of which was carved, “ Playthings not allowed here ”, at which he was so shocked that he would not stay to see what was written on the other side Then he looked round for the people on the island, but instead of men, women, and children, he found nothing but turnips and radishes, beet and mangold-wurzel, without a single green leaf among them, and half of them burst and decayed, with toad-stools growing out of them Those which were left began crying to Tom in half a dozen different languages at once, and all of them badly spoken, ‘ I can’t learn my lesson, do come and help me ! ’

4 And they kept asking him all kinds of foolish questions, such as, “ How long would it take a man of average activity to tumble head over heels from London to York ? ” “ Can you tell me the name of a place that nobody ever heard of, where nothing ever happened, in a country which has not yet been discovered ? ” and so on, and so on “ And what good on earth will it do you if I did tell you ? ” said Tom

5 Well, they didn't know that, all they knew was the examiner was coming. Then Tom stumbled on the hugest and softest turnip you ever saw, filling a hole in a crop of swedes, and it cried to him, "Can you tell me anything at all about anything you like?" "About what?" says Tom. "About anything you



like, for as fast as I learn things I forget them again. So my mother says I must go in for general information."

6. So Tom told him a great many strange things which he had seen in his travels, while the poor turnip listened very carefully; and the more he listened the more he forgot; and the more the water ran out of him. Tom thought he was crying, but it was only his

•

poor brains running away from being worked so hard ; and as Tom talked, the unhappy turnip streamed down all over with juice, and split and shrank till nothing was left of him but mud and water, whereat Tom ran away in a fright, for he thought he might be taken up for killing a turnip

- 1 *Ha'-ien* Port
- 2 *Ad-vent'-ures* Strange experiences
Wail'-ing Crying
- 3 *Man-gold'-wur'-el* A kind of turnip, or beetroot
- 5 *Sweedes* Sweet turnips

LVI.—THE WATER-BABIES (14)

Tom finds Grimes

1. At last, after innumerable adventures, each more wonderful than the last, he saw before him a huge building, much bigger than the country lunatic asylum. Tom walked towards this great building, wondering what it was, and having a strange fancy that he might find Mr Grimes inside it, till he saw running towards him, and shouting, "Stop!" three or four people, who, when they came nearer, were nothing else than policemen's truncheons running along without legs or arms.

2. Tom was not astonished. He was long

past that Besides, he had seen jellyfish and other small creatures in the water move, nobody knows how, a hundred times, without arms or legs, or anything to stand in their stead Neither was he frightened, for he had been doing no harm

3 So he stopped, and when the foremost truncheon came up and asked his business, he told him what it was, and the truncheon looked at him in the oddest fashion, for he had one eye in the middle of his upper end, so that when he looked at anything, being quite stiff, he had to slope himself and poke himself, till it was a wonder why he did not tumble over, but being quite full of the spirit of justice (as all policemen and their truncheons ought to be) he always stood firmly whichever way he put himself



4 "All right—pass on," said he at last And then he added, "I had better go with you, young man." And Tom had no objection, for such company was both respectable and safe, so the truncheon coiled its thong neatly round its handle to prevent tripping itself up—for the thong had got loose in running—and

marched on by Tom's side "Why have you no policemen to carry you?" asked Tom, after a while

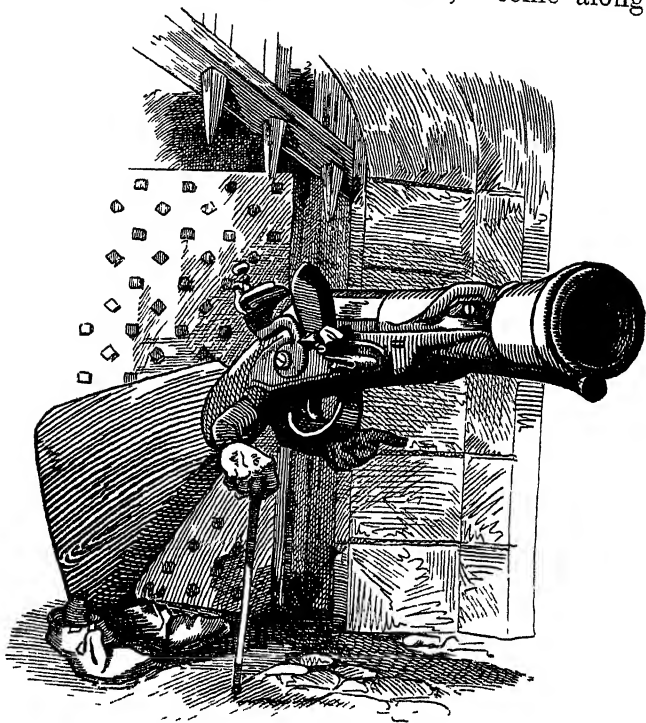
5 'Because we are not like those clumsy-made truncheons in the land world, which cannot go without having a whole man to carry them about We do our own work for ourselves, and do it very well, though I say it who should not' "Then why have you a thong to your handle?" asked Tom "To hang ourselves up by, of course, when we are off duty"

6 Tom had got his answer, and had no more to say, till they came up to the great iron door of the prison And there the truncheon knocked twice with its own head A wicket in the door opened, and out looked a tremendous old brass blunderbuss charged up to the muzzle with slugs, who was the porter, and Tom started back a little at the sight of him.

7 "What case is this?" he asked, in a deep voice, out of his broad bell mouth "If you please, sir, it is no case; only a young gentleman, fresh from her ladyship, who wants to see Grimes the master-sweep"

8 "Grimes?" said the blunderbuss And he pulled in his muzzle, perhaps to look over his prison lists. "Grimes is up chimney No. 345," he said from the inside, "so the young gentleman had better go on to the roof"

9 And there he walked along the leads till he met another truncheon, and told him his errand "Very good," it said, "come along,



but it will be of no use He is the most un-remorseful, hard-hearted, foul-mouthed fellow I have in charge, and he thinks about nothing but beer and pipes, which are not allowed here, of course "

10 And at last they came to chimney No
 345 Out of the top of it, his head and
 shoulders just showing, stuck poor Mr Grimes,
 so sooty and bleared and ugly that Tom could
 hardly bear to look at him And in his mouth
 was a pipe, but it was not alight, though he was
 pulling at it with all his might

- 1 *In-nu'-mer-a-ble* Without number
Huge Very large
Lu'-na-tu a-sif'-lum A building for the safe keeping
 of people who have lost their reason
Trun'-cheons Policemen's staves, short thick sticks
 6 *Blun'-der buss* An old form of gun with a funnel
 shaped mouth
Mu'-le Mouth
Slugs Roughly-shaped bullets
 9 *Un-re-morse'-ful* Without any sorrow for his sins
 10 *Bleared* With red, watery eyes

LVII—THE WATER-BABIES (15)

Tom finds Grimes—(continued)

1 “Attention, Mr. Grimes,” said the truncheon,
 “here is a gentleman come to see you” But
 Mr Grimes only said bad words, and kept
 grumbling. ‘My pipe won’t draw My pipe
 won’t draw’ “Keep a civil tongue and
 attend!” said the truncheon, and popped up
 just like Punch, hitting Grimes such a crack
 over the head with itself that his brains rattled

inside like a dead walnut in its shell. He tried to get his hands out, and rub the place, but he could not, for they were stuck fast in the chimney. Now he was forced to attend.

2 'Hey!' he said, "why, it is Tom! I suppose you have come here to laugh at me, you spiteful little atomy?" Tom assured him he had not, but only wanted to help him. "I don't want anything except beer, and that I can't get, and a light to this bothering pipe, and that I can't get either." "I'll get you one," said Tom, and he took up a live coal (there were plenty lying about), and put it to Grimes's pipe, but it went out instantly.

3 'It's no use,' said the truncheon, leaning itself against the chimney and looking on. "I tell it is no use—his heart is so cold that it freezes everything that comes near him. You will see that presently, plain enough." "Oh, of course, it is my fault. Everything's always my fault," said Grimes. "Now, don't go to hit me again" (for the truncheon started upright, and looked very wicked). "You know if my arms were only free you daren't hit me then."

4 The truncheon leant back against the chimney, and took no notice of the personal insult, like a well-trained policeman as it was, though it was ready enough to avenge any transgression against morality or order.

5 “But can’t I help you in any other way? Can’t I help you to get out of the chimney?” said Tom. “No,” interposed the truncheon, ‘he has come to the place where everybody must help themselves, and he will find it out, I hope, before he has done with me’”

6 “Oh yes,” said Gumes, “of course it’s me. Did I ask to be brought here into this prison? Did I ask to be set to sweep your foul chimneys? Did I ask to have lighted straw put under me to make me go up? Did I ask to stick fast in the very first chimney of all, because it was so shamefully clogged up with soot? Did I ask to stay here—I don’t know how long—a hundred years, I do believe, and never get my pipe, nor my beer, nor nothing fit for a beast, let alone a man?”

7 “No!” said a solemn voice behind. “No more did Tom, when you behaved to him in the very same way.” It was Mrs Be-done-by-as-you-did. And when the truncheon saw her it started bolt upright—attention!—and made such a low bow, that if it had not been full of the spirit of justice, it must have tumbled on its end, and probably hurt its one eye. And Tom made his bow too.

1 *My pipe won't draw* My pipe won't keep alight

2 *At'-om-y.* Mite, tiny thing

3 *Pres'-ent-ly* Directly

- 4 *A-venge* Punish
Trans-gres'-sion Sin
Mo-ral'-i-ty Good conduct
5 *In-ter-pósed* Here, answered for Grimes

LVIIL.—SOMEBODY'S DARLING

(LOUISA ALCOTT)

- 1 Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day
- 2 Somebody's darling, so young and brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace
- 3 Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now
- 4 Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold

- 5 Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer, soft and low,
One bright curl from his fair locks take,
They were somebody's pride, you know
- 6 Somebody's hand has rested there,
Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light?
- 7 God knows best! he was somebody's love,
Somebody's heart enshined him there,
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer
- 8 Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand,
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand
- 9 Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart,
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart
- 10 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

- 3 *Mat'-ted* Tangled
 4 *Wandering waves of gold* The curls of his golden
 hair
 7 *En-shrined* Regarded him as very precious
 9 *Yearn'-ing* Longing, eagerly desiring

LIX.—THE WATER-BABIES (16)

Tom finds Grimes—(*continued*)

1 “Oh, ma'am,” said Tom, “don't think about me, that's all past and gone, and good times and bad times and all times pass over But may not I help Mr Grimes? Mayn't I try and get some of these bricks away, that he may move his arms?” “You may try, of course,” she said

2 So Tom pulled and tugged at the bricks, but he could not move one And then he tried to wipe Mr Grimes's face, but the soot would not come off “Oh, dear!” he said, “I have come all this way, through all these terrible places to help you, and now I am of no use at all”

3 “You had best leave me alone,” said Grimes. “You are a good-natured, forgiving little chap, and that's truth, but you'd best be off The hail's coming on soon, and it will beat the eyes out of your little head” “What hail?”

4 “Why, hail that falls every evening here,

and till it comes close to me, it's like so much warm rain, but then it turns to hail over my head, and knocks me about like small shot" "That hail will never come any more," said the strange lady, "I have told you before what it was. It was your mother's tears, those which she shed when she prayed for you by her bedside, but your cold heart froze it into hail. But she is gone to heaven now, and will weep no more for her graceless son."

5 Then Grimes was silent awhile, and then he looked very sad. "So my old mother's gone, and I never there to speak to her! Ah! a good woman she was, and might have been a happy one, in her little school there in Vendale, if it hadn't been for me and my bad ways." "Did she keep a school in Vendale?" asked Tom.

6 And then he told Grimes all the story of his going to her house, and how she could not bear the sight of a chimney-sweep, and then how kind she was, and how he turned into a water-baby. "Ah!" said Grimes, "good reason she had to hate the sight of a chimney-sweep. I ran away from her, and took up with the sweeps, and never let her know where I was, nor sent her a penny to help her, and now it's too late!" said Mr. Grimes.

7 And he began crying and blubbering like a great baby, till his pipe dropped out of his

mouth and broke all to bits “ Oh, dear, if I was but a little chap in Vendale again, to see the clear brook and the apple-orchard, and the yew-hedge, how different I would go on But it’s too late now So you go along, you kind little chap, and don’t stand to look at a man crying, that’s old enough to be your father But I’m beat now, and beat I must be It’s my own fault, but it’s too late ” And he cried so bitterly that Tom began crying too

8 “ Never too late,” said the fairy in such a strange, soft new voice, that Tom looked up at her No more was it too late For as poor Grimes cried and blubbered on, his own tears did what his mother’s could not do, and Tom’s could not do, and nobody’s on earth could do for him, for they washed the soot off his face and off his clothes, and then they washed the mortar away from between the bricks, and the chimney crumbled down, and Grimes began to get out it

9 Up jumped the truncheon, and was going to hit him on the crown a tremendous thump, and drive him down again like a cork into a bottle But the strange lady put it aside. “ Will you obey me if I give you a chance ? ” “ As you please, ma’am You’re stronger than me—that I know too well, and wiser than me, I know too well also And as for being my own master, I’ve fared ill enough with that as yet

So whatever your ladyship pleases to order me,
for I'm beat, and that's the truth "

4 *Grace'-less* Wicked
5 *A-while* For some time

LX —THE WATER-BABIES (17)

Tom finishes his Task

1 "Be it so, then—you may come out But
remember, disobey me again, and into a worse
place still you go" "I beg pardon, ma'am, but I
never disobeyed you that I know of I never had
the honour of setting eyes on you till I came
to this ugly place" "Never saw me? Who
said to you—Those that will be foul, foul they
will be?"

2 Gumes looked up, and Tom looked up
too, for the voice was that of the Irishwoman
who met them the day they went out together
to Harthover "I gave you your warning then,
but you gave it yourself a thousand times before
and since Every bad word you said—every
cruel and mean thing that you did—every time
that you got tipsy—every day that you went
dirty—you were disobeying me whether you
knew it or not"

3 "If I'd only known, ma'am" "You knew

well enough that you were disobeying something, though you did not know it was me But come out and take your chance Perhaps it may be your last" So Gumes stepped out of the chimney, and really if it had not been for the scars, on his face, he looked as clean and respectable as a master sweep need look

4 "Take him away," said she to the truncheon, "and give him his ticket-of-leave" "And what is he to do, ma'am?" "Get him to sweep out the crater of Etna, he will find some very steady men working out their time there, who will teach him his business"

5 So the truncheon marched off Mr Grimes, looking as meek as a drowned worm And for aught I know, or do not know, he is sweeping the crater of Etna to this day "And now," said the fairy to Tom, "your work here is done You may as well go back again" So she showed him his way, and off he went

6 When he and his dog came near the end of his journey, they saw upon an island a beautiful girl sitting upon a rock looking down, with her chin upon her hand, and paddling with her feet in the water, and when he came to her she looked up, and behold it was Ellie

7 After they had stood looking at each other for a long time they heard the fairy say "Attention, children Are you never going to

look at me again?" "We have been looking at you all this while," they said. And so they thought they had been. "Then look at me once more," said she.

8 They looked, and both of them cried out



at once, "Oh, who are you, after all? You are our dear Mrs Do-as-you-would-be-done-by. No, you are good Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did, but you are grown quite beautiful now!" "To you," said the fairy; "but look again."

“You are the Irishwoman who met me the day I went to Harthover” And when they looked she was neither of them, and yet all of them at once

9 “My name is written in my eyes, if you have eyes to see it there” And they looked into her great, deep, soft eyes, and they changed again and again into every hue as the light changes in the diamond “Now read my name,” said she at last

10 And her eyes flashed, for one moment, clear, white, blazing light, but the children could not read her name, for they were dazzled, and hid their faces in their hands [When you are older, my children, you may read more of her in the Bible, where Solomon in the Book of Proverbs calls her “Wisdom”] “Not yet, young things, not yet,” said she smiling, and then she turned to Ellie

11 “You may take him home with you now on Sundays, Ellie He is fit to go with you and be a man, because he has done the thing he did not like” So Tom went with Ellie to her beautiful home “And Tom’s dog?”

12 Oh, you may see him any clear night in July, for the old dog-star was so worn out by the hot summers some years ago that there have been no dog-days since, until this year, when they had to take him down and put Tom’s dog up in his place Therefore, as new brooms

sweep clean, we have had some gloriously hot weather this year And this is the end of my story

- 3 *Scars* Marks left on the skin by wounds
- 4 *Tulet-of-leave* A paper given to prisoners who are let out of prison before time for good behaviour
- Cra'-ter* The saucer like hollow in the middle of a volcano
- Et'-na* A volcano, or burning mountain in the island of Sicily
- 5 *ught* Anything
- 6 *Ellie* The little girl into whose room Tom had got when he was a poor chimney-sweep Ellie, too, had been taken care of by the fairies
- 9 *Di'-a-mond* A precious stone looking something like beautiful clear glass
- 10 *Fla'-ing* Flaming
- Da'-led* Blinded by the light
- 12 *Dog-Star* The brightest star in the heavens (Si'-nus) to be seen in the southern sky best in the spring evenings It rises in the day in July and August when the hottest weather may be expected The old Romans thought the heat at this time was due to the sun and the great bright dog star
- Glo'-ri-ous-ly.* Delightfully

THE END

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